

OH BOY! HAVE YOU HEARD THE BLACK H...
ON WOR-MUTUAL NETWORK! TUNE I...

NO.

41

TOP-NOTCH

NO

10¢

Laugh

comics

AN
MLJ
MAGAZINE

OUCH!! GOL'DARN THESE
HYAR NEW FANGLED
MILKIN' MACHINES!





WEB COMIC
UNIVERSE.COM

Triple

INDEMNITY LIFE INSURANCE

POLICY PAYS MAXIMUM BENEFITS

\$3,000.00

costs only \$1 a month

LOOK AHEAD!

BE WISE—BE CONSIDERATE!

Don't condemn those you love to struggle and hardship when you pass on! Foresight may prevent heartbreak and suffering, so *be wise* . . . PREPARE NOW to assure the comfort and well-being of those near and dear to you! You may do so easily and economically with a TRIPLE INDEMNITY LIFE INSURANCE POLICY, reliably backed by strong Legal Reserves. *Be wise! Look ahead!*

ONLY A FEW PENNIES A DAY MAY EASE THE BURDEN FOR YOUR LOVED ONES!

A difficult readjustment period often follows the loss of a loved one. It is even harder when finances are uncertain. But a dependable TRIPLE INDEMNITY Policy can be a vital help in such time of distress with CASH Benefits of as much as \$3,000.00! Yet, this remarkable protection costs only \$1 a month—*just a few pennies a day!*

NO RED TAPE!

The Pioneer TRIPLE INDEMNITY Policy is surprisingly easy to own! All persons in good health between the ages of 1 day and 70 years are eligible to make application. NO MEDICAL EXAMINATION. All business is done by mail. No Agent will call . . . No Collectors.

FREE INSPECTION!

See for yourself the very generous Benefits provided by this Policy! During the 10 day FREE Inspection period, you are privileged to give the actual Policy a thorough, careful examination before making your final decision.

SEND NO MONEY!

You are requested not to send a single penny at this time. Just be sure to mail the coupon or write for FREE Information. Tomorrow may be too late—WRITE TODAY!

PIONEER LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY
8190 Times Building • Rockford, Illinois

5-POINT PROTECTION

Pays for
LOSS of LIFE

Due to

- 1—Natural Causes . . .
- 2—All Sicknesses . . .
- 3—Ordinary Accidents . . .
- 4—Auto Accidents . . .
- 5—Travel Accidents . . .

NO OCCUPATIONAL RESTRICTIONS!

The Pioneer TRIPLE INDEMNITY Policy places no restrictions on the occupation of a Policyholder. Persons engaged in any legitimate and usual means of earning a living, as well as housewives and children, are eligible. In addition, there are no restrictions on where you may live, and you may travel wherever you wish, according to the terms of the policy!

NOT CONTESTABLE!

TRIPLE INDEMNITY Policy contains valuable In-contestability Clause. Be sure to learn about this protection! Send for your FREE Information NOW!

FREE COUPON MAIL IT! TODAY!

PIONEER LIFE INSURANCE CO.
8190 Times Bldg., Rockford, Ill.

Please send me FREE Information on your Triple Indemnity Policy.

NAME

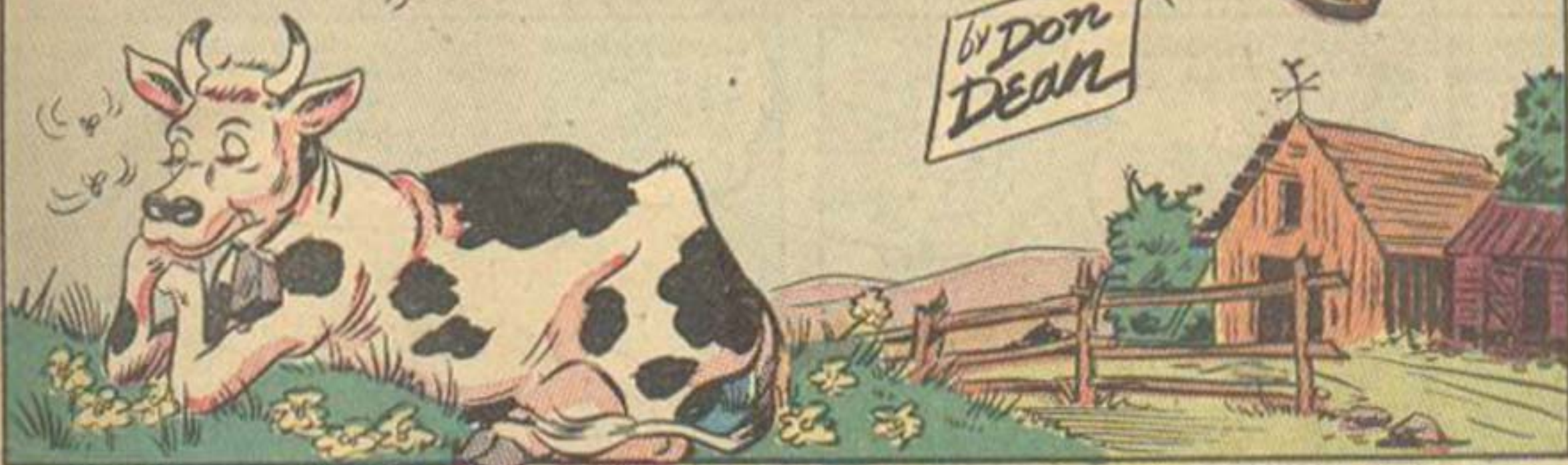
ADDRESS

CITY & STATE

*Fill in coupon. Clip and paste to
Postal Card or mail in envelope.*

POOKLEY POOKLEY

by Don
Dean



"BARREL, HAID"
BROWN / WHUT FO
IS YOU RUNNIN' ROUND
WIFF OUT YO'
PANTS? THA'S
AGIN TH' LAW!

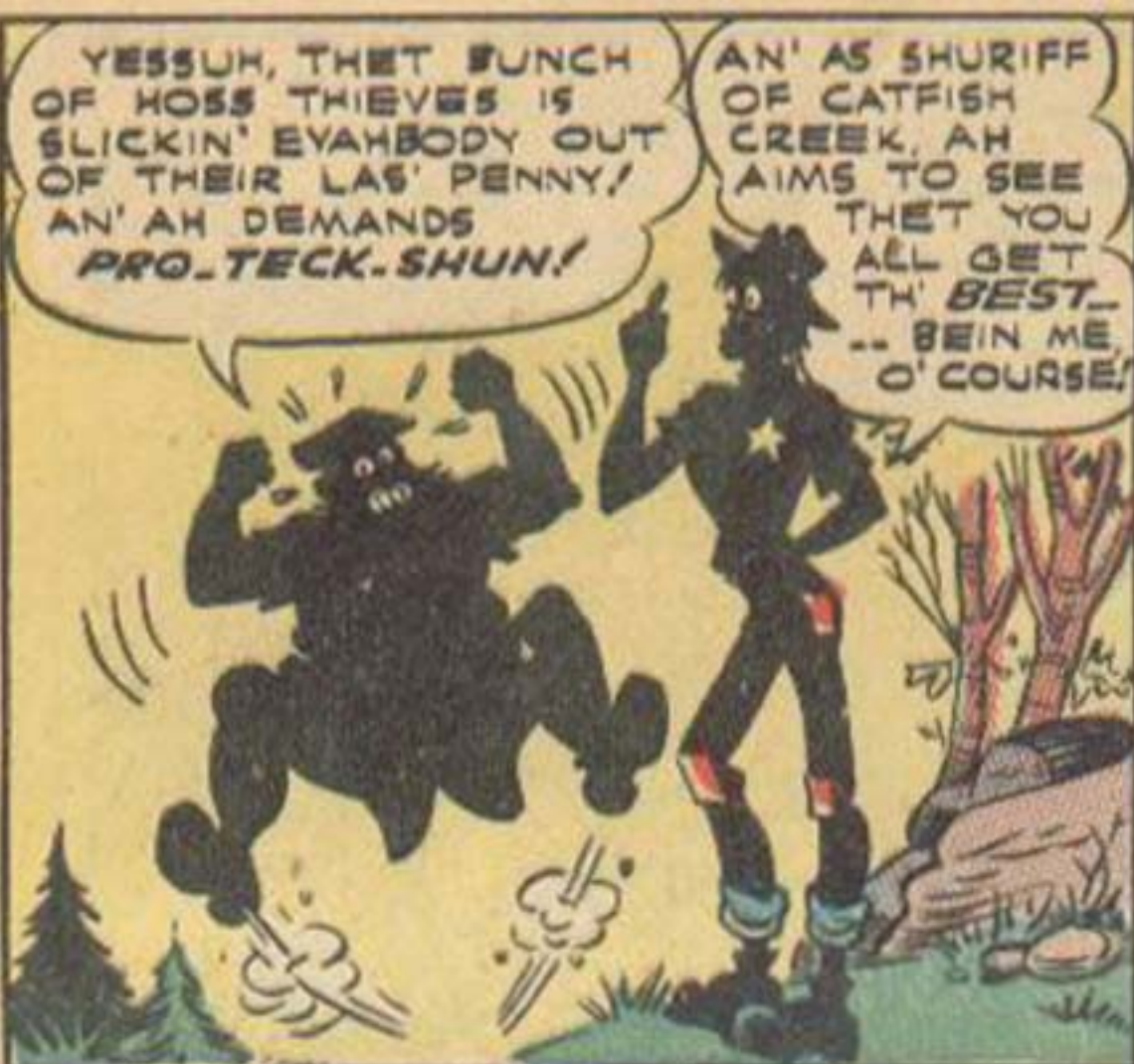
HUMPH!
LAW, HE
SEZ, WHEN WE
IS IN TH' MIST
OF A TERRIBLE
CRIME WAVE!



CRIME WAVE?
WHUT YO' MEAN,
BARREL-HEAD?

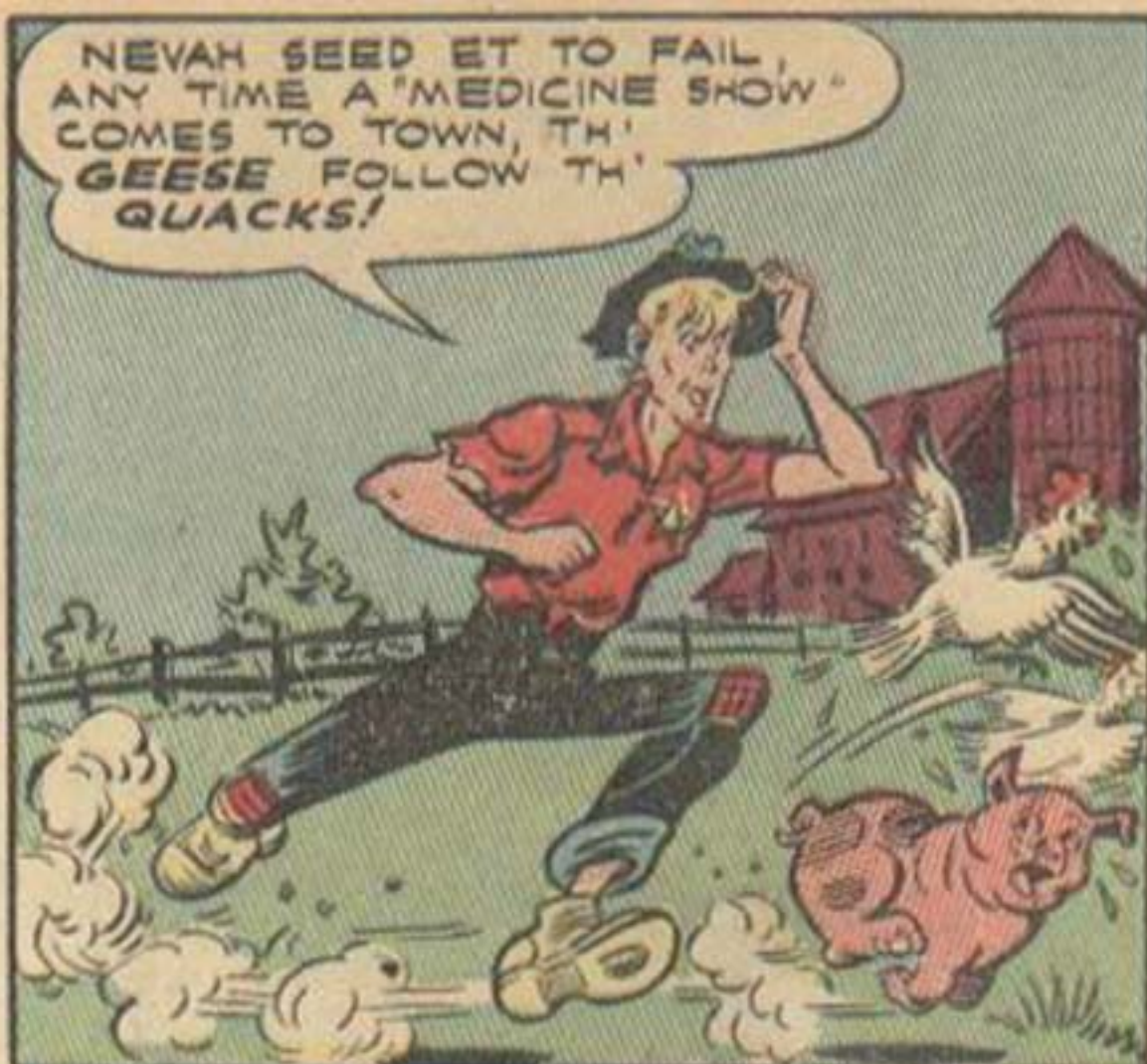
WHILE AH WUZ
DOWN LOOKIN' OVAH
THET NEW MEDICINE
SHOW, SOME SKONK
SWIPED MAH PANTS,
WALLET AN' ALL
BEFO' AH
EVEN KNOWED
ET! (SOB)





YESSUH, THET BUNCH
OF HOSS THIEVES IS
SLICKIN' EVAHBODY OUT
OF THEIR LAS' PENNY!
AN' AH DEMANDS
PRO-TECK-SHUN!

AN' AS SHURIFF
OF CATFISH
CREEK, AH
AIMS TO SEE
THET YOU
ALL GET
TH' **BEST**...
-- BEIN ME,
O' COURSE!



NEVAH SEED ET TO FAIL,
ANY TIME A 'MEDICINE SHOW'
COMES TO TOWN, TH'
GEESE FOLLOW TH' QUACKS!



YESSIREE, 'DOC' WOGGO'S
ELIXIR OF YOUTH...
GOOD FOR WHAT
AILS OR FAILS YOU,
FOLKS.. CURES RAISED
EYEBROWS.. FALLEN
ARCHES.. HANGNAILS..
RABES.. ETC. ETC..

**"DOC WOGGO'S
GREAT TONIC"**



-- YESSIREE, FOLKS, I HAVE SOLD
THIS TONIC, FOR OVER 25
YEARS, AND NEVER HEARD
A WORD OF COMPLAINT,
NOW WHAT DOES
THAT PROVE?

THET
DAID
MEN TELL
NO TALES!



DOCTOR,
AH'S BEEN
BOTHERED
WIFF MAH
BREATHIN'
LATELY,
AN'...

INDEED YES, MY FAIR
LADY! TAKE **ONE**
BOTTLE OF THIS AND
IT WILL **ABSOLUTELY**
STOP IT...
ONE DOLLAR,
PLEASE!

**"DOC WOGGO'S
MAGIC CURE ALL"**

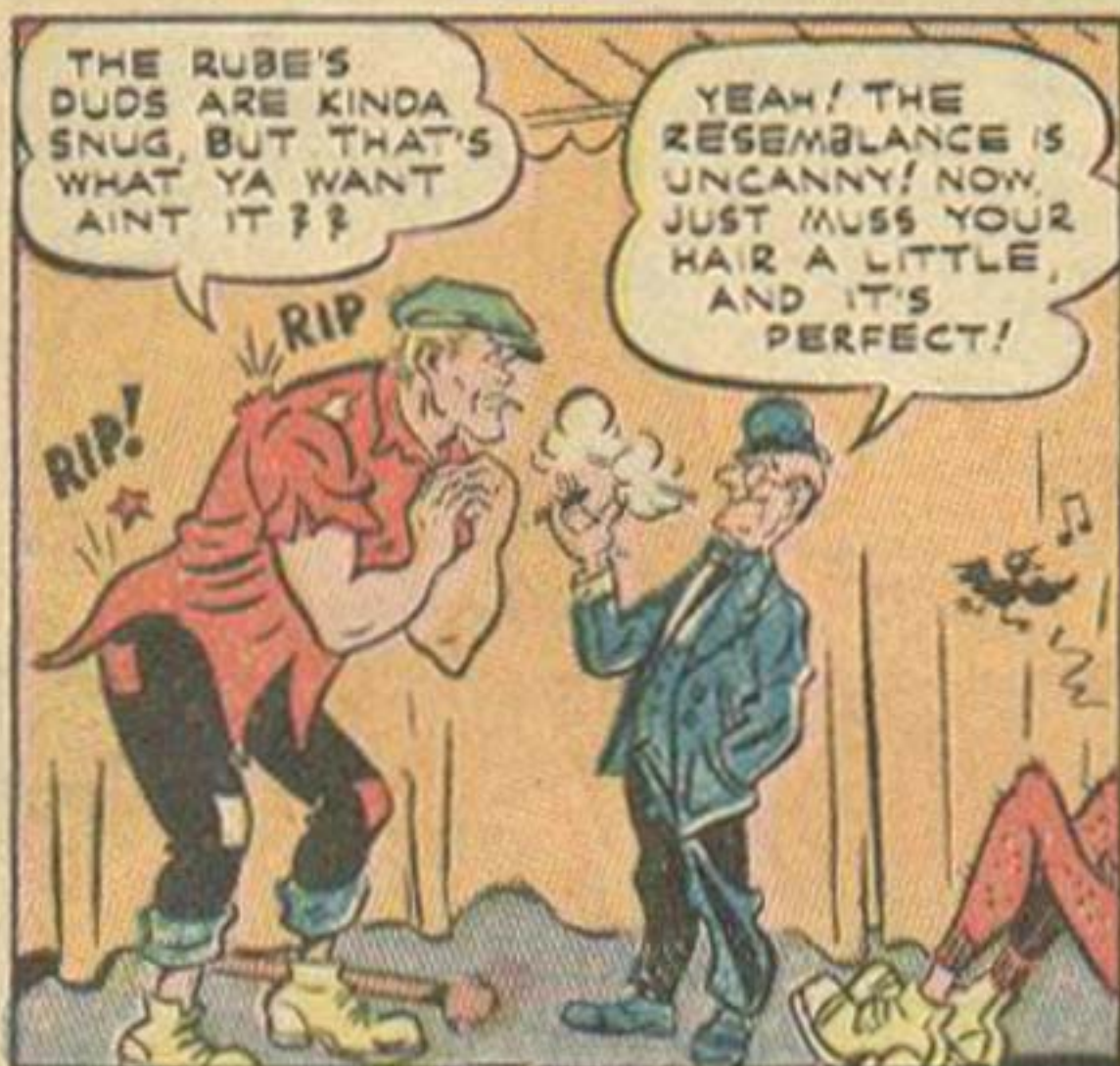
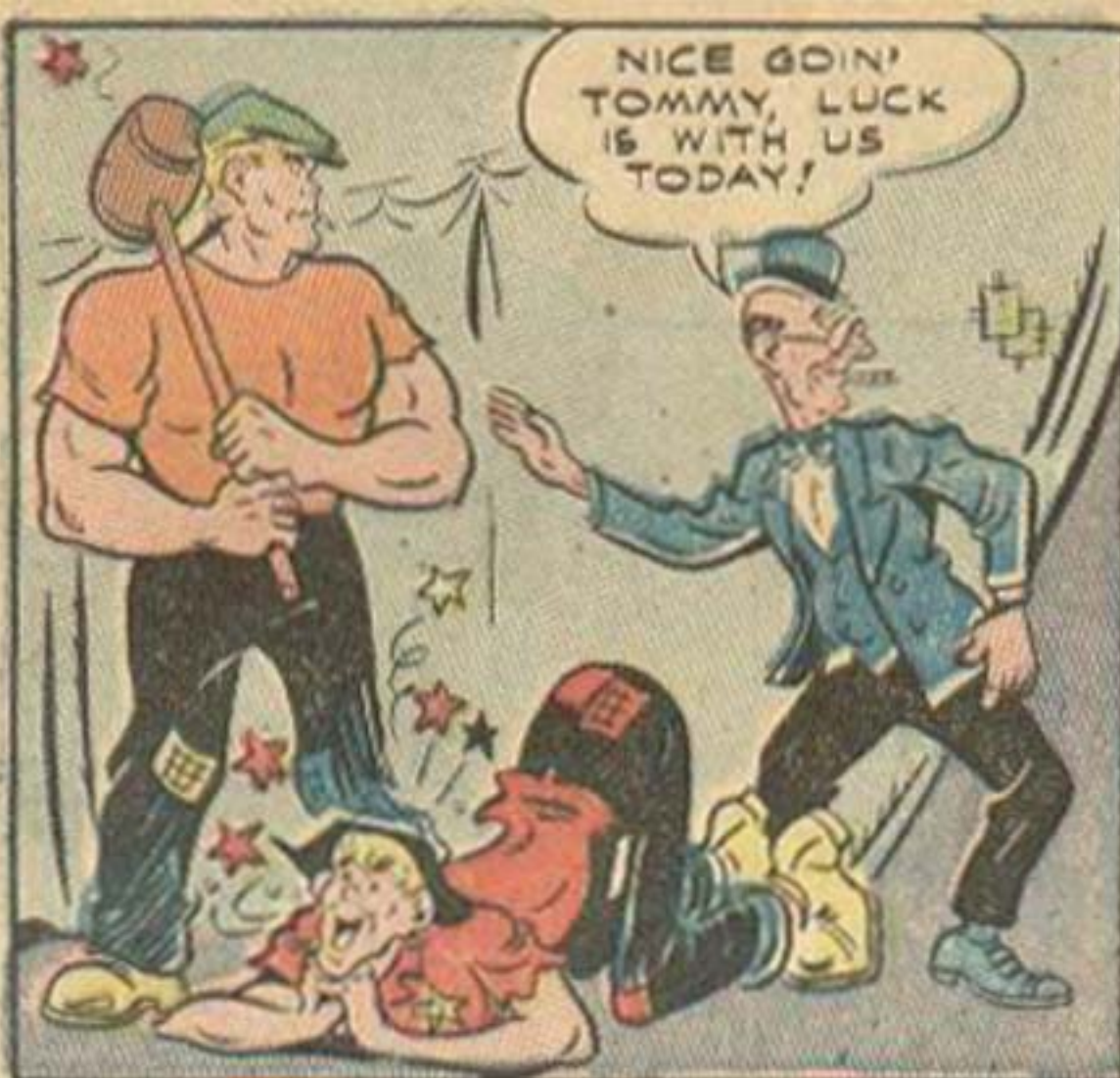


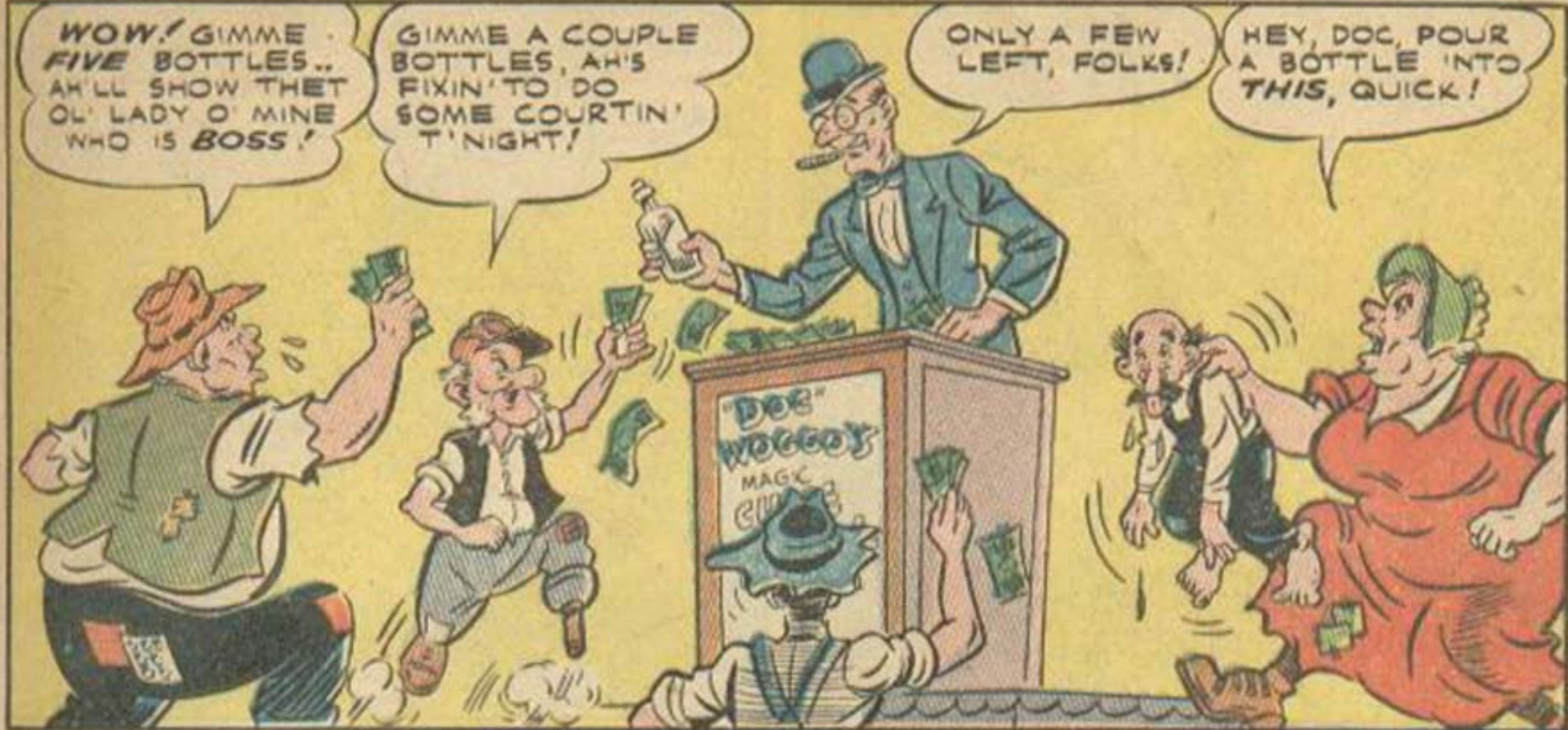
WAIT A MINUTE! YO' IS
A **FAKE**! HOW CAN THIS PO'
LADY EVEN GIT TH' STUFF
OUTA TH' BOTTLE? ET
SEZ RIGHT HYAR, TO KEEP
BOTTLE **TIGHTLY**
CORKED AT ALL TIMES!

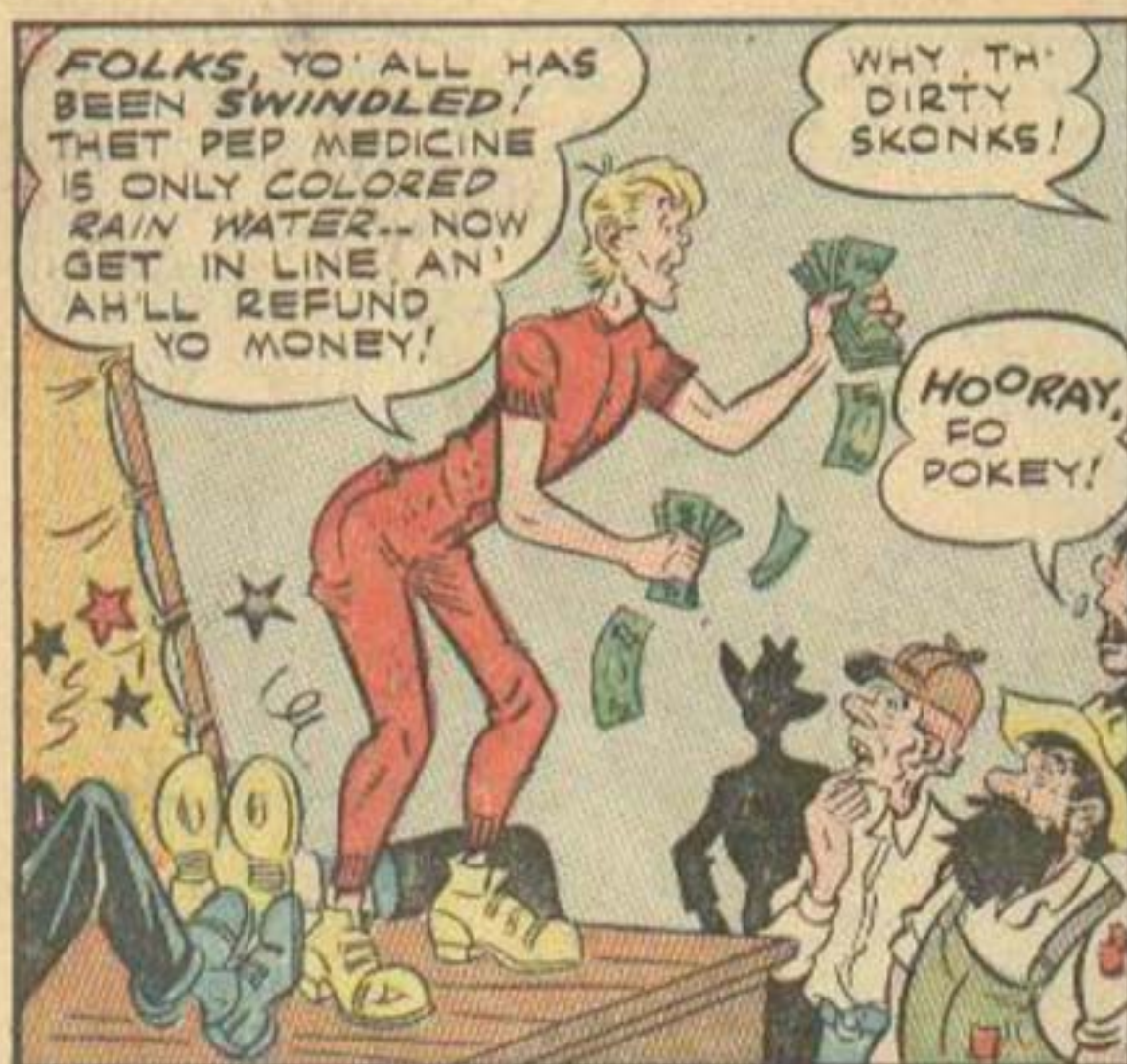
GROAN!

**"DOC WOGGO'S
MAGIC CURE ALL"**









THERE IS SOMETHING "FISHY" ABOUT THIS STRANGER ALL RIGHT, AND NEXT MONTH'S STORY WILL BE CHUCK FULL OF THRILLS AND CHILLS !/..

THE BLACK HOOD

The AMUSEMENT PARK MURDERS!

I, THE BLACK HOOD, SOLEMNLY SWEAR THAT NEITHER THREATS NOR BRIBES NOR EVEN DEATH ITSELF WILL KEEP ME FROM FULFILLING MY VOW— TO ERASE CRIME FROM THE FACE OF THE EARTH!



SCENE THE BOARDWALK OF AN AMUSEMENT PARK WHERE KIP BURLAND, REALLY THE BLACK HOOD, IS WAITING FOR HIS GIRL FRIEND REPORTER, BARBARA SUTTON?

CAN THAT GIRL EVER BE IN TIME FOR AN APPOINTMENT?

SAY! THERE'S ONLY ONE PERSON IN THAT ROLLER COASTER!

HMM... FUNNY... OH, WELL, I SUPPOSE BUSINESS IS SLOW!

3 SLOWLY, THE COASTER CRAWLS TO THE PEAK; HOVERS PRECARIOUSLY, AND ---

...PLUNGES DIZZILY DOWNWARD-- OFF THE TRACKS, INTO SPACE----

WOW! WHAT A DROP!! UNLESS I MISS MY GUESS, THE VICTIM WON'T BE A PRETTY SIGHT TO LOOK AT!



DEAD, ALL RIGHT!

HOLY HANNAH! IT'S MR. WEST, THE BOSS!



HANLEY! HANLEY! WAS--WAS THAT MY FATHER IN THE COASTER?

I'M AFRAID IT WAS, MISS WEST!



THE BOSS MUSTA GONE UP TO TEST THE EQUIP-
MENT!

THAT GIRL, I PRESUME IS HIS DAUGHTER!



YES! AN' I'M DODDS, THE MANAGER! I CAN'T UNDER-
STAND HOW SUCH AN AC-
CIDENT--

ACCIDENT, MY EYE! ONE OF THESE WHEELS WAS TAMPERED WITH!

THEN THERE'S THE GUY THAT DID IT! HANLEY, THE NIGHT WATCHMAN! HE KNEW HE WAS GONNA BE FIRED!

THAT'S A LIE, DODDS AND YOU KNOW IT!



JUST THE SAME, I'D ADVISE YOU TO STICK AROUND TIL THE COPS GET HERE!

GOOD IDEA, DODDS! THIS IS DEFINITELY A CASE FOR THE POLICE!

DON'T WORRY! I'M NOT RUNNIN' AWAY! IF THE COPS WANT ME, I'LL BE AROUND!



AS THE OLD WATCHMAN MAKES HIS WAY THROUGH THE DARKENED AMUSEMENT PARK, A PAIR OF FIGURES SKULK OUT OF THE SHADOWS AND...



WASHED UP ON THE BEACH, EH! LET'S HAVE A LOOK AT THIS MAP, MISS WEST GAVE ME OF HER AMUSEMENT PARK!

HMM--THIS DRAIN-PIPE FROM THE POOL LEADS RIGHT INTO THE OCEAN!

OCEAN

BEACH

OUTLET PIPE

BOARDWALK

SWIMMING POOL

SCENIC RAILWAY

CAROUSEL

A SHORT WHILE LATER--

NOW THE BLACK HOODS GOING TO HAVE A LOOK AT THAT POOL!

OH--A CUSTOMER!

POW

OKAY, RAT WHO'S YOUR BOSS?

WOULDN'T YOU LIKE TO KNOW, HOOD?

CRACK

NOW WE'LL GIVE HIM THE SAME "WATER TREATMENT" WE GAVE HANLEY!



AT LAST THE HOOD BURSTS TO THE SURFACE, DISCOVERS HE IS IN THE OCEAN AND IMMEDIATELY MAKES FOR SHORE AND IS CHALLENGED BY AN ARMY PATROLMAN!

HALT! WHO GOES THERE? FRIEND OR FOE?

FRIEND! DON'T SHOOT!

THERE'S A SUB IN THESE WATERS-- AND WE CAN GET IT IF WE ACT FAST! ARE YOU WITH ME?

Y--YES, HOOD! BUT--BUT JUST WHAT IS IT YOU WANT ME TO DO?

THE HOOD RELATES HIS PLAN--

OKAY, NOW GET GOING AND MEET ME BY THE POOL!

OH! DODDS AND HIS ENTIRE GANG! GOOD!

THE SUB'S IN NOW! START LOADING THE SUPPLIES INTO THE OUTLET PIPE!

NOT SO FAST, YOU FIFTH COLUMN RAT!

BLACK HOOD!

THOUGHT YOU'D GOTTEN RID OF ME, EH!

CLUNK

GOOD BOYS! NOW CARRY IT DOWN AND PUT IT IN THE DRAIN PIPE OF THIS EMPTY POOL!

WHERE YOU GUYS ARE GOING, YOU'LL HAVE PLENTY OF TIME TO DO LOTS OF THINKING!

SPLAT

HERE WE ARE, HOOD, WITH A MOTOR PROPELLED TORPEDO!



WE'LL TAKE CARE
OF THE REST OF
THESE RATS, HOOD!
HOW DO YOU GET WISE
TO THEIR SET-UP
ANYWAY?

WELL, THE OWNER AND
THE NIGHT WATCHMAN
WERE DEFINITELY
MURDERED! SO THE
FIRST THING I DIS-
COVERED WAS TO FIND
THE MOTIVE!

STUDYING THE MAP OF THIS
PARK GAVE ME MY FIRST
CLUE! THE DRAIN PIPE
STRETCHES PRETTY FAR
INTO THE OCEAN ---
TOO FAR FOR PRAC-
TICAL PURPOSES! AND
IT ALSO SEEMED PRETTY
WIDE FOR A DRAIN PIPE!
JUST TO EMPTY OUT THE
POOL! SO I INVESTIGATED ---
JUST AS THE OWNER AND THE
NIGHT WATCHMAN MUST HAVE
DONE! AND I ALMOST
MET THE SAME FATE!



LATER THAT EVENING ---

THAT'S QUITE A NERN
YOU GAVE ME ABOUT
CAPTURING THAT SPY
RING, KIP! THE LEAST
YOU COULD HAVE DONE
WAS TO GIVE ME A
RING AND LET ME IN
ON IT!

AFTER THE
WAY YOU
STOOD ME
UP, BARBARA, YOU
SHOULD BE ARRESTED
AS A SPY TOO - FOR
SABOTAGING MY MORALE!



DON'T FORGET
TO TUNE IN ON
THE BLACK HOOD
EVERY DAY -
MONDAY
THROUGH
FRIDAY ---
ON
WOR,
THE MUTUAL
BROADCASTING
SYSTEM!

Readers' Page

EVERYBODY WINS! NOBODY LOSES! ENTER THIS UNUSUAL CONTEST RIGHT NOW! ALL YOU HAVE TO DO IS SEND A SNAPSHOT OF YOURSELF AND A LETTER TELLING US WHICH CHARACTER YOU LIKE BEST IN TOP-NOTCH LAUGH COMICS! AND WHY!

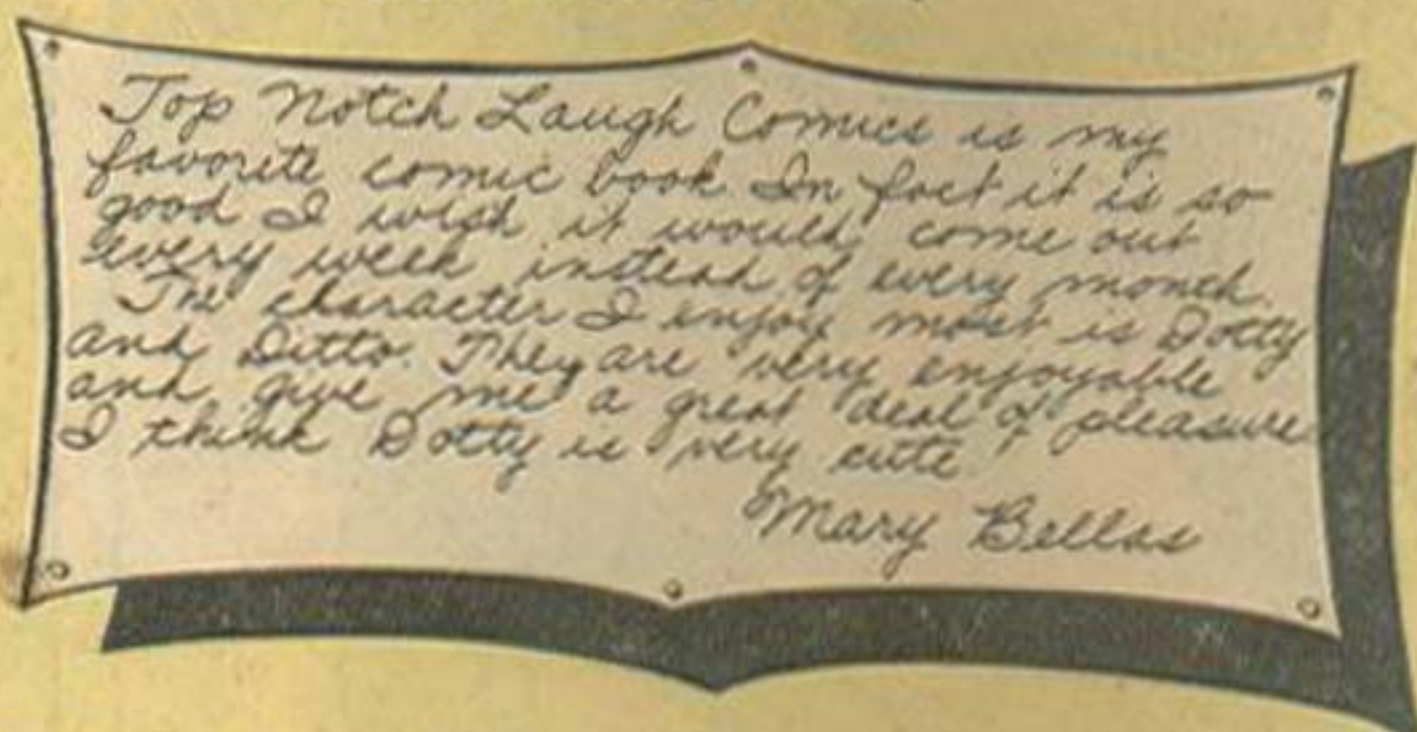
THE BEST LETTER WILL RECEIVE A LIFE-SIZE PORTRAIT OF HIM OR HERSELF! ADDRESS YOUR LETTER TO TOP-NOTCH LAUGH COMICS, 60 HUDSON ST., RAIL 515, N.Y.C. BUT WIN OR LOSE, YOUR PICTURE WILL BE PUBLISHED AS SHOWN BELOW!

The Winner ---

--- AND HER WINNING LETTER!



MARY BELLAS
310 FIRST ST.
AMBRIDGE, PA.



HONORABLE MENTION



PATRICIA FITZPATRICK
1051 UNIVERSITY AVE.
BRONX, N.Y.



MARJORIE SWAIN
692 CONGRESS AV.
NEW HAVEN, CONN.



WALTER FLYTHE



BILL TESH
805 SO. MAIN ST.
LEXINGTON, N.C.



LUELLA WRIGHT
43824 PALMER RD.
BELLEVILLE, MICH.



BUFORD HIGGINS
430 BARRELL ST.
HUNTSVILLE, ALA.



EVELYN PRUITT
BOX 32
AVA, MO.



CURTIS PATTON
RT. 3 BOX 88-B
BRISTOW, OKLA.



MARY HOOD
ANGULLA, MISS.



LEWIS GINSBERG
71 RUTHVEN ST.
ROXBURY, MASS.



SHIRLEY BRUNT
P.O. BOX 276
LA SALLE, COLO.



ALFREDA PERDICH
14 1/2 WALNUT ST.
NATRONA, PA.



VERNA TEMPLE
RT. 1 BOX 588
OSWEGO ORE.



MARY KUSTKA
52 TELEGRAPH ST.
SO. BOSTON, MASS.



MARTINA SCHUSTER
701 E. BUCKNER ST.
TUSCOLA, ILL.

SEÑOR SIESTA

by
Don
Dean

WE LAST LEFT
SIESTA WITH A DEADLY
SPEAR POISED OVER HIS
HEART OR WAS IT HIS
TUMMY? ANYWAY,
WE NOW FIND OUT
THAT ON THE
OTHER END OF
THIS LANCE ARE...
-- INJUNS!!

WOW!
INJUNS!

UGH! OUR
SEARCH OF
MANY MOONS
HAS ENDED!

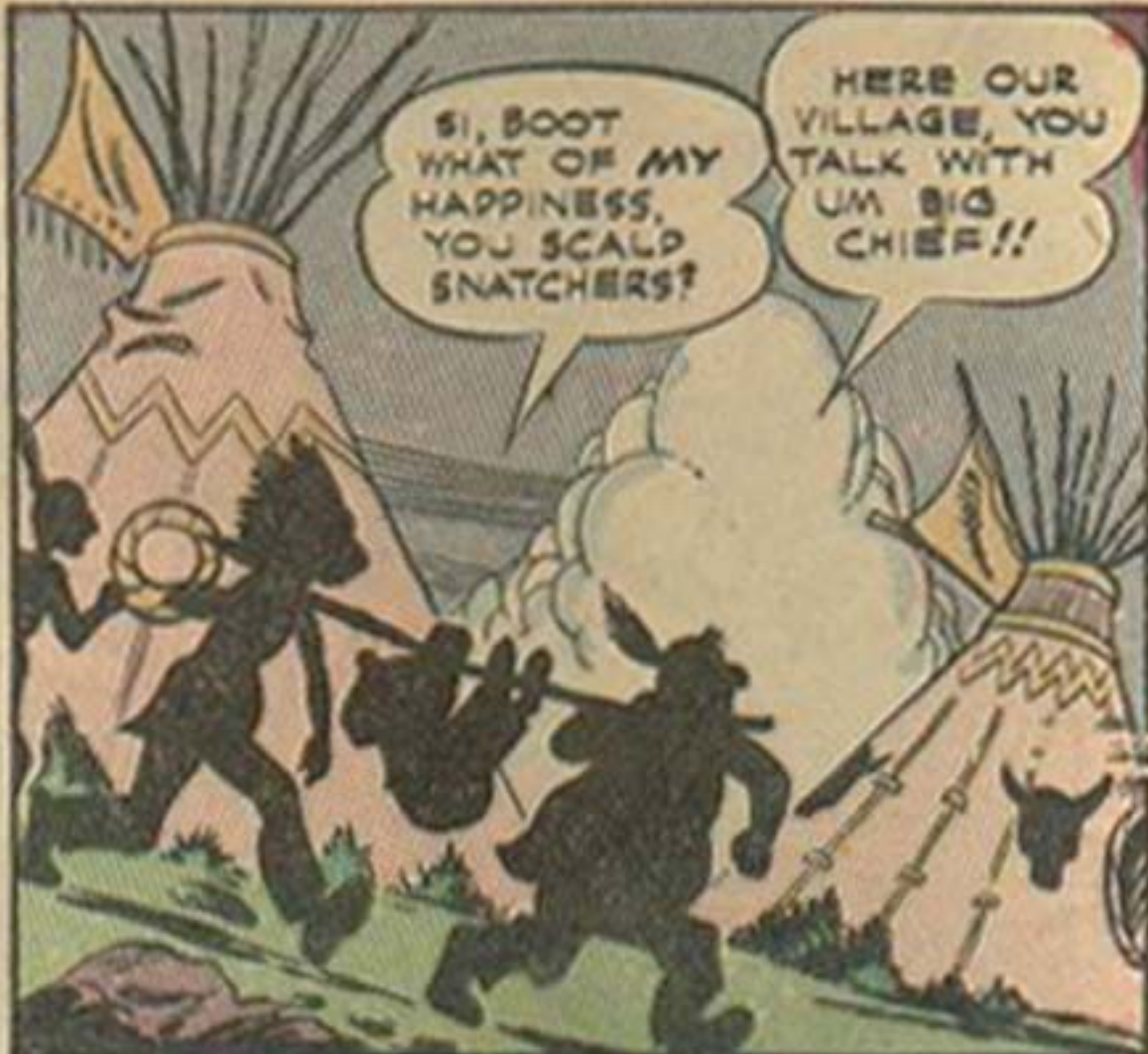
YUP! HIM
JUST RIGHT
SIZE FOR
LOBO!

WAIT...
PULEEZE...
MY FINE
FEATHERED
FRAN'S.. LET
US SMOKE
THE
PEACE
PIPE, SI?

UGH! NEXT
SMOKE, YOU
MAKUM WILL
BE IN UM
KETTLES
OF OUR
CAMP FIRES!

B.B. BOOT,
SEÑORES, ONLY
CANNIBALS EAT
PEEOPLE.. AND
YOU ARE INJUNS,
NO?

WE NO EATUM
YOU! YOU FOR
LOBO!







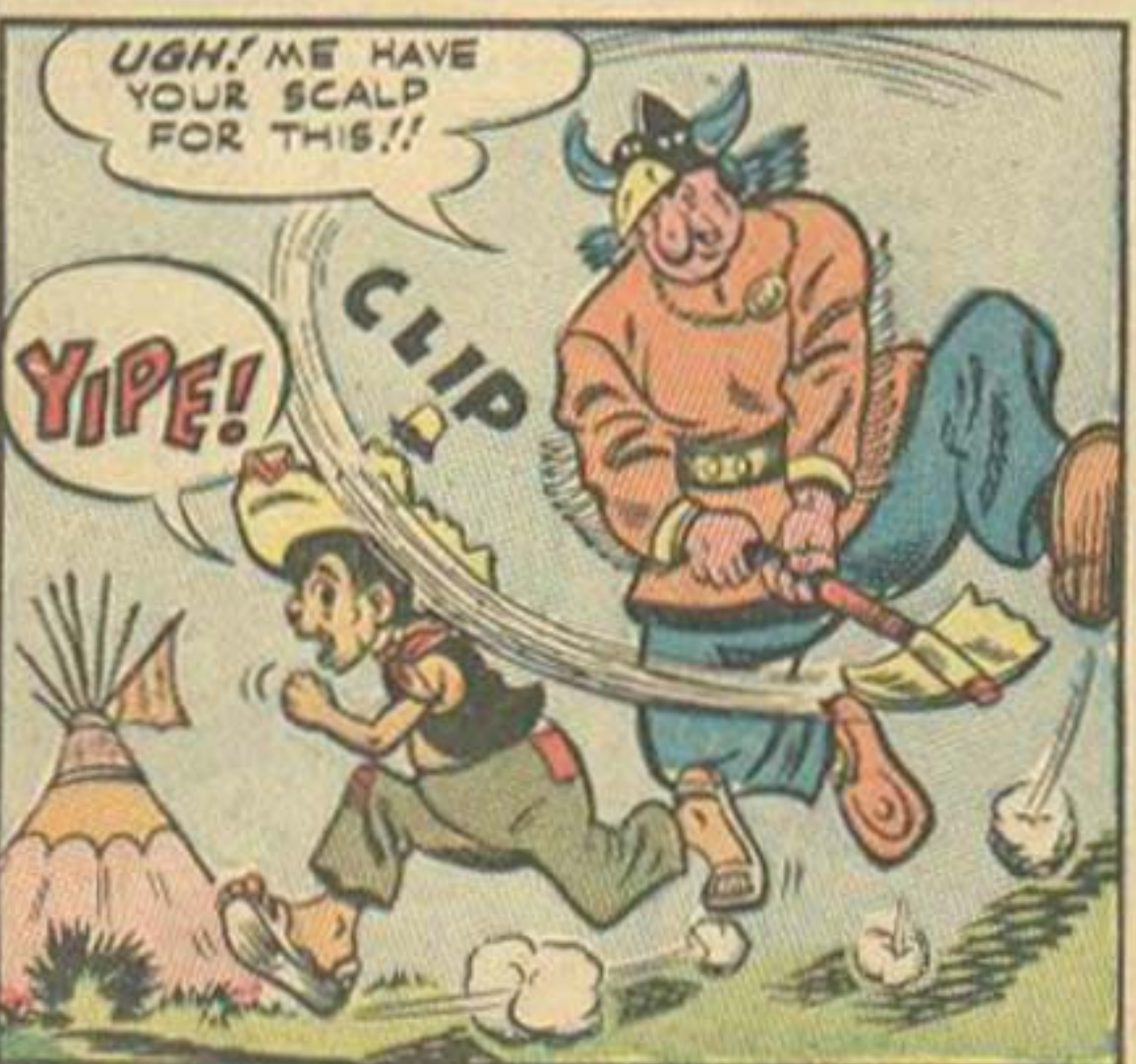


THEN SUDDENLY, AS A MIRACLE
WOULD HAVE IT (ALSO YOUR EDITOR)
THE RAINS CAME....



SO, AS THE PARCHED FIELDS REGAINED
THEIR LUSHNESS, LIKEWISE DID SIESTA'S
POPULARITY BLOOM...

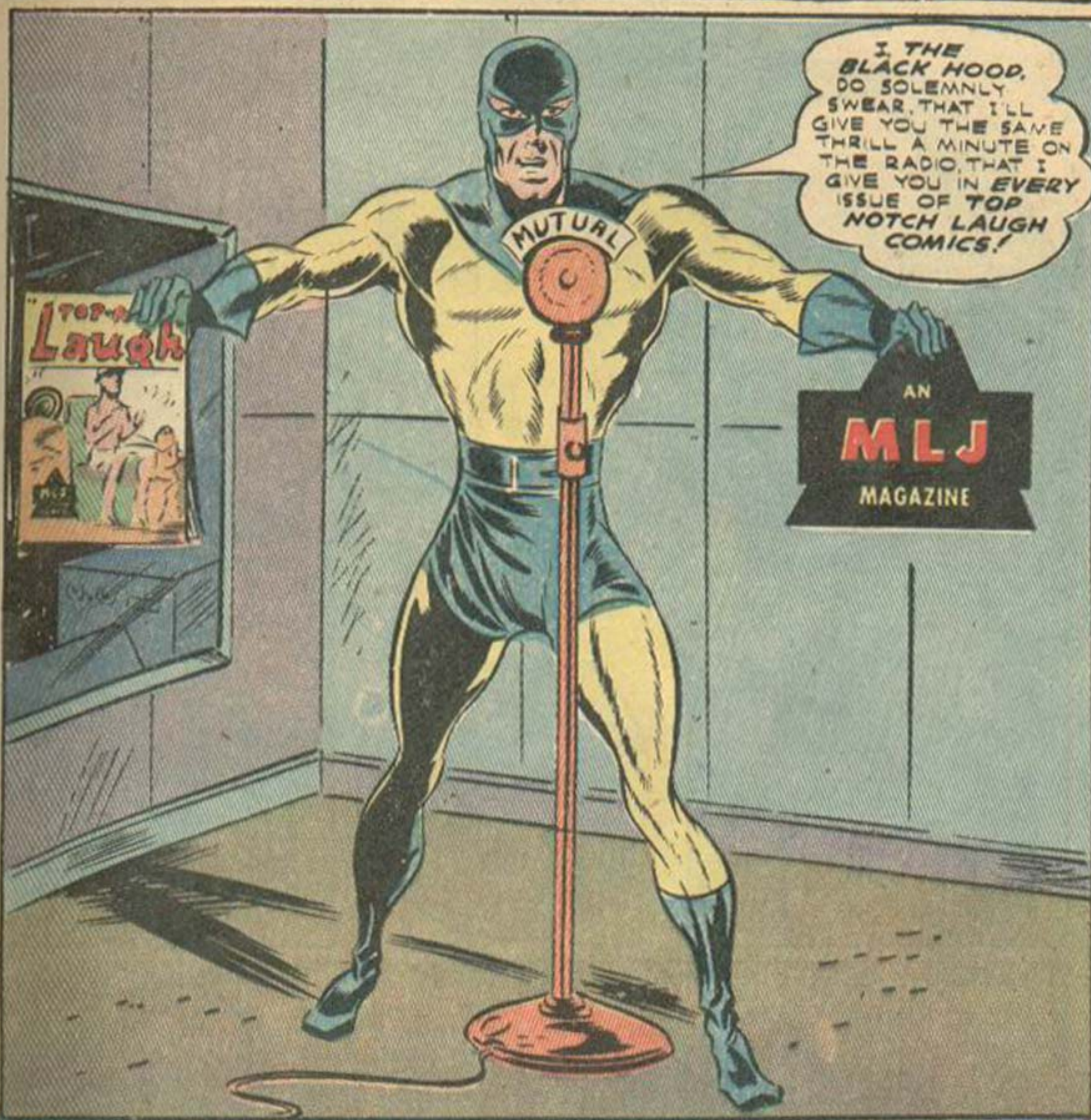




THE **BLACK HOOD**

WANTS YOU

TO TUNE IN ON THE WOR
MUTUAL BROADCASTING SYSTEM--



THE BLACK HOOD IS ON THE AIR EVERY DAY MONDAY TO FRIDAY ON THE W.O.R. MUTUAL BROADCASTING SYSTEM! CONSULT YOUR NEWSPAPER FOR THE TIME... **AND TUNE IN!** A TWIST OF THE DIAL.. AND YOU'RE ON THE HIGH ROAD TO THRILLS! SHAKES AND QUAKES! CREEPS AND SHRIEKS.. WITH THE GREATEST CRIME FIGHTER OF THEM ALL... **THE BLACK HOOD!** WRITE TO THE BLACK HOOD, W.O.R., N.Y.C. HE'LL BE VERY GLAD TO HEAR FROM YOU! AND REMEMBER, WHEN YOU'RE READING AN **M.L.J.** PUBLICATION.. YOU'RE READING THE **BEST** COMIC MAGAZINE MONEY CAN BUY!! ADDRESS YOUR LETTER TO **THE BLACK HOOD**, STATION W.O.R., N.Y.C. N.Y.

SNOOP MCGOOK

The SOUPY SLEUTH

by ED GOGGIN





AND HE THINKS HE'S A MAGICIAN
AND A DETECTIVE! HE PLAYS TRICKS
ON EVERYONE INCLUDING HIMSELF!



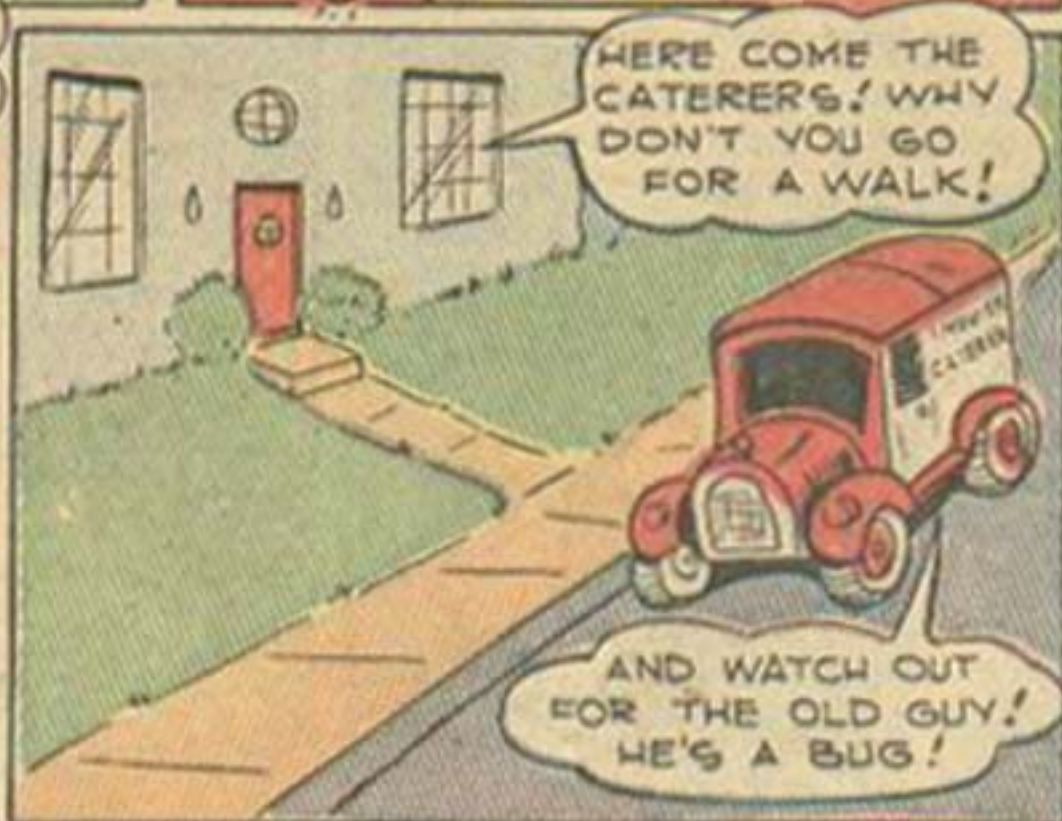
CAUGHT YOU
AGAIN, BY
JOVE!

DROP IT,
YOU CAD!



HUBERT,
THIS IS

GAD, MAN, DID YOU SEE THAT?
CAUGHT MYSELF ABOUT TO
PICK MY OWN POCKET! I'M
EVEN TOO CLEVER FOR
MYSELF!



HERE COME THE
CATERERS! WHY
DON'T YOU GO
FOR A WALK!

AND WATCH OUT
FOR THE OLD GUY!
HE'S A BUG!



IMAGINE PLAYING
NURSEMAID TO A
NUT!



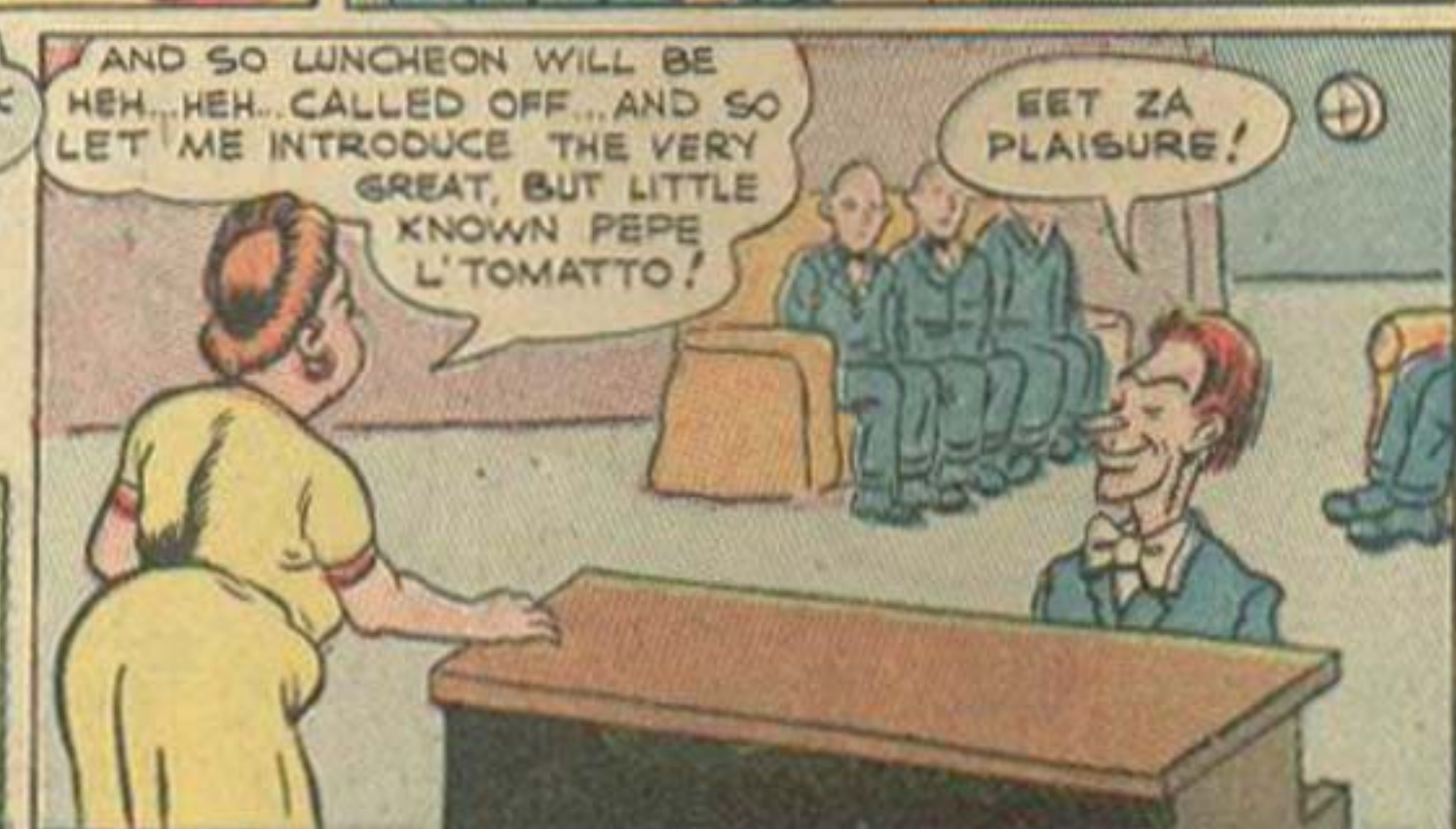
DID YOU SAY NUTS?
JUST WATCH THIS CLEVER
LITTLE SQUIRREL TAKING
ACORNS FROM THAT
BIG CHAP!

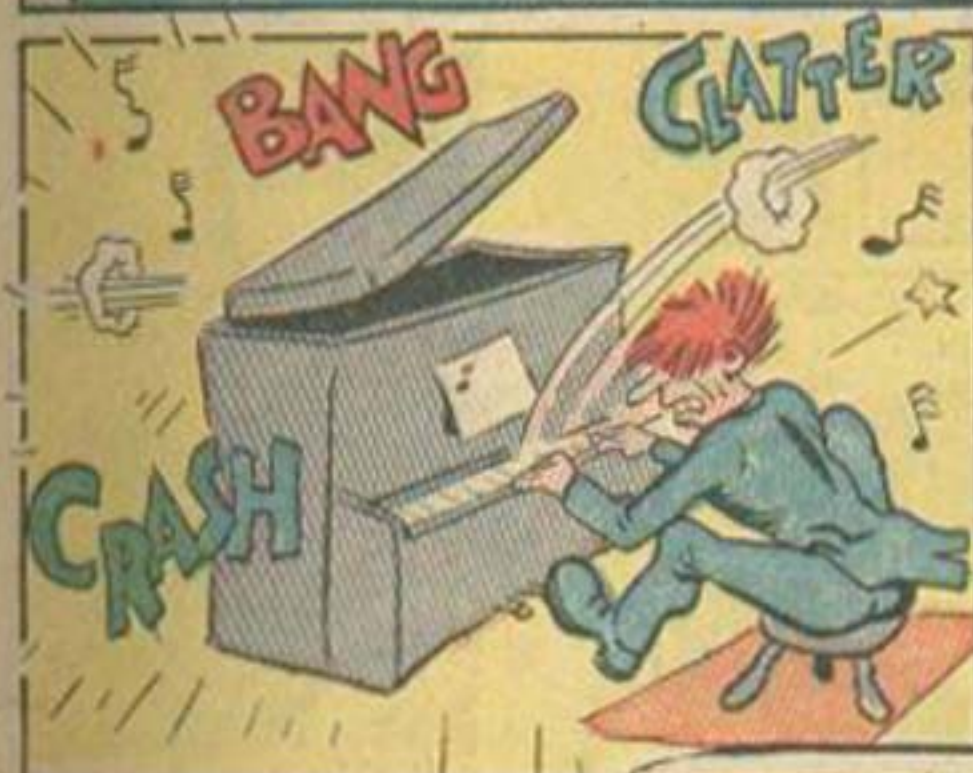
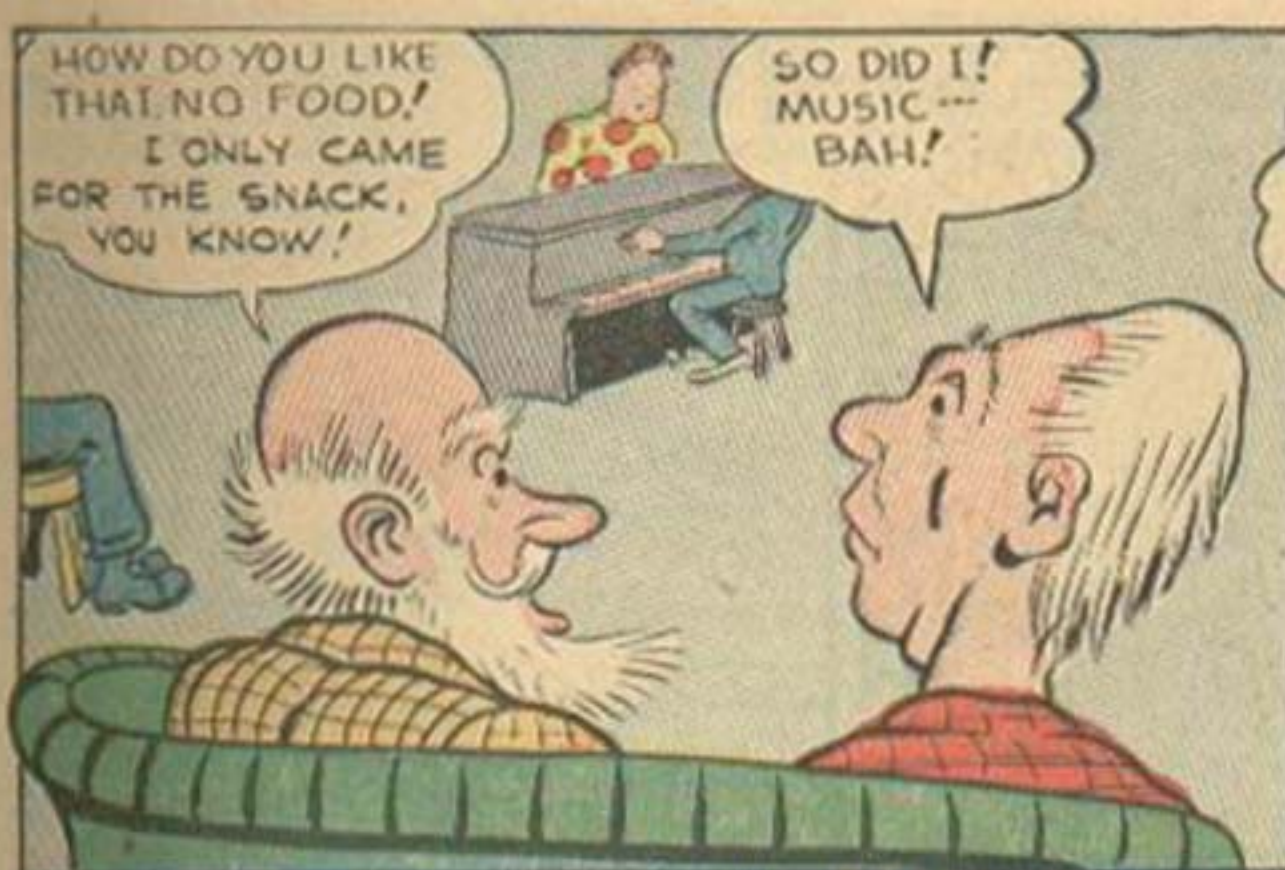


WHY THAT'S
WALDO!



REALLY? OH, I SAY, MEGOOK
HOW ARE YOU FEELING? MAYBE WE
HAD BETTER BE GETTING ON!







GOSH! THANK YOU, SIR!

AND HERE IS A LITTLE BOOK I THINK YOU'LL ENJOY READING!



MY, MY! WHAT A DAY AND WHAT PEOPLE! OH, WELL, I'VE BEEN WELL PAID!



SAY, WALDO, THIS PLACE LOOKS GOOD! STOP YOUR CHATTERING!



AH, THAT WAS SUPERB.

WAITER, BRING UP ANOTHER BOTTLE OF VALEAU '26 ... HANG IT ALL ... WE'RE CELEBRATING!



HEH, HEH, INTERESTING BUT A BIT AMATEURISH HMMM...

OH, WAITER, THE CHECK, PLEASE!



HMM... THAT'S FUNNY



WHY I DISTINCTLY REMEMBER PUTTING THE MONEY IN MY POCKET AS HE STOOD THERE WITH HIS HANDS BEHIND HIS BACK AND WITH ONE HAND ON MY SHOULDER... OH, MY GOSH!



HOW WAS I TO KNOW HE WORE A TRICK COAT WITH PHONEY ARMS. GIMME A HAND WILL YA WALDO!

TRUE FACT STORY

By ANONYMOUS

LET he who laughs with criminal scorn at the true axiom "CRIME DOES NOT PAY" be counseled by those who know.

Twelve years ago the author shared a cell on "One Row" in the east building of the Texas Prison with James Gillespie, better known to the inmates and officials as "Dago," or Steeple-Jack. As might be assumed, Dago was of Italian descent, dark, robust and of medium height. He boasted that he could climb the tallest spire of human architecture with grace and ease. He said other climbers might call themselves "human flies" but that he could go still higher; therefore he was entitled to the title of Human Fly Speck.

Now all of this mighty claim was all right with the officials of the Texas Prison, and it was a problem solved for the warden. There was always a smokestack to be painted, a perilous building corner to be repaired or the huge cylindrical water tower in the prison yard to be painted. And, again, there was the great "Hell Clock" over the main administration building of the

prison which had to be cleaned of bird's nests and rust every Spring. The clock must be kept ticking to toll away the lives of men in white in the prison yard below and for those waiting for the walk of "the last mile" down in the death house. Still a more perilous job was the slender flagpole punching into the sky above the Hell Clock and the belfry. It suddenly became Dago's ambition to climb that flagpole and hug the tin ball atop the slender rod. He knew that the warden's one weakness was to have the prison under his wardenship as clean and neat as possible.

"That ball should gleam 'way up there in the sky," Dago said, "and I'm the human fly speck that can shinny that flagpole and do it."

And that was what got Dago the desired permission. However, the warden felt that Dago would bear watching just as hundreds of other long termers who had a few diversified boasts of their own, and especially so since Dago had already chosen two long-term convicts to assist him. Their job was to hoist the necessary

material up to the human fly speck after he had wormed his way up the slender pole to the tin ball. But there were plenty of extra guards around anyway. He selected one, assigned him to the job of guarding the trio, and went back to his office, which was all right with Dago.

Dago went about his business industriously and by nine o'clock everything was ready—all but one thing. The guard wasn't ready for Dago and his assistants to "go home." Nor was the guard who paced the tower directly across the street from the entrance, or any of the other guards on the towers around the wall. They were all very much alive. Dago had been watching the steady pacing and quick turns of the khaki-uniformed men with the gleaming high-powered rifles on their shoulders from his precarious perch on the flagpole. He knew that a gun-play was out of the question. But Dago was not going to use a gun for the simple reason that he did not have one. Nor did the guard inside the clock tower deem it necessary to carry one. He was not going to let his charges get out

of his sight anyway. The guard across the street and the two corner tower guards on the wall running east and west controlled the street and there were still more guards below. If they tried anything funny he would just call down the stairway leading up to the clock. The two assistants were standing in plain sight on the barren roof out there and he knew that Dago wasn't going to sprout wings and disappear from the tin ball, which had already taken on a golden color under the energetic strokes of the human fly speck's industrious brush. It was much too far to the ground in the street below for Dago to jump, so the guard sat down in the cool shade of the clock room. When the boys finished he would escort them down the stairway, report to the guard inside the steel cage in the "Bull Ring" and wave them through the steel doors leading back into the prison yard. That was what he thought, perhaps, and the natural thing to do, but Dago, the human fly speck, had other plans.

"Come on, boys, if you're finished," said the guard. But Dago was already half through the window into the clock room. It was a quick movement, an unexpected one. The

guard was already muffled, strong and smelly hands were already over his mouth. He felt the stout rope from the block and tackle by which the assistants had hoisted paint up to the human fly speck being tightened around his neck with a choking tautness. They were taking his clothes off, but he couldn't protest through the strong gag over his mouth. They would get what was coming to them for this when they reached the bottom of the stairs, and the guards down there became aware of an escape. That was what he thought. The human fly speck had another idea. He was already pulling the guard's clothes on. He smiled complacently as he buttoned the last button of the coat.

"Just a fit—wouldn't I make a good guard?" And then, "Chuck him over in the corner," he commanded of his aids. "Hurry up and get down them stairs and don't open your traps when we get to the bottom—leave it to me."

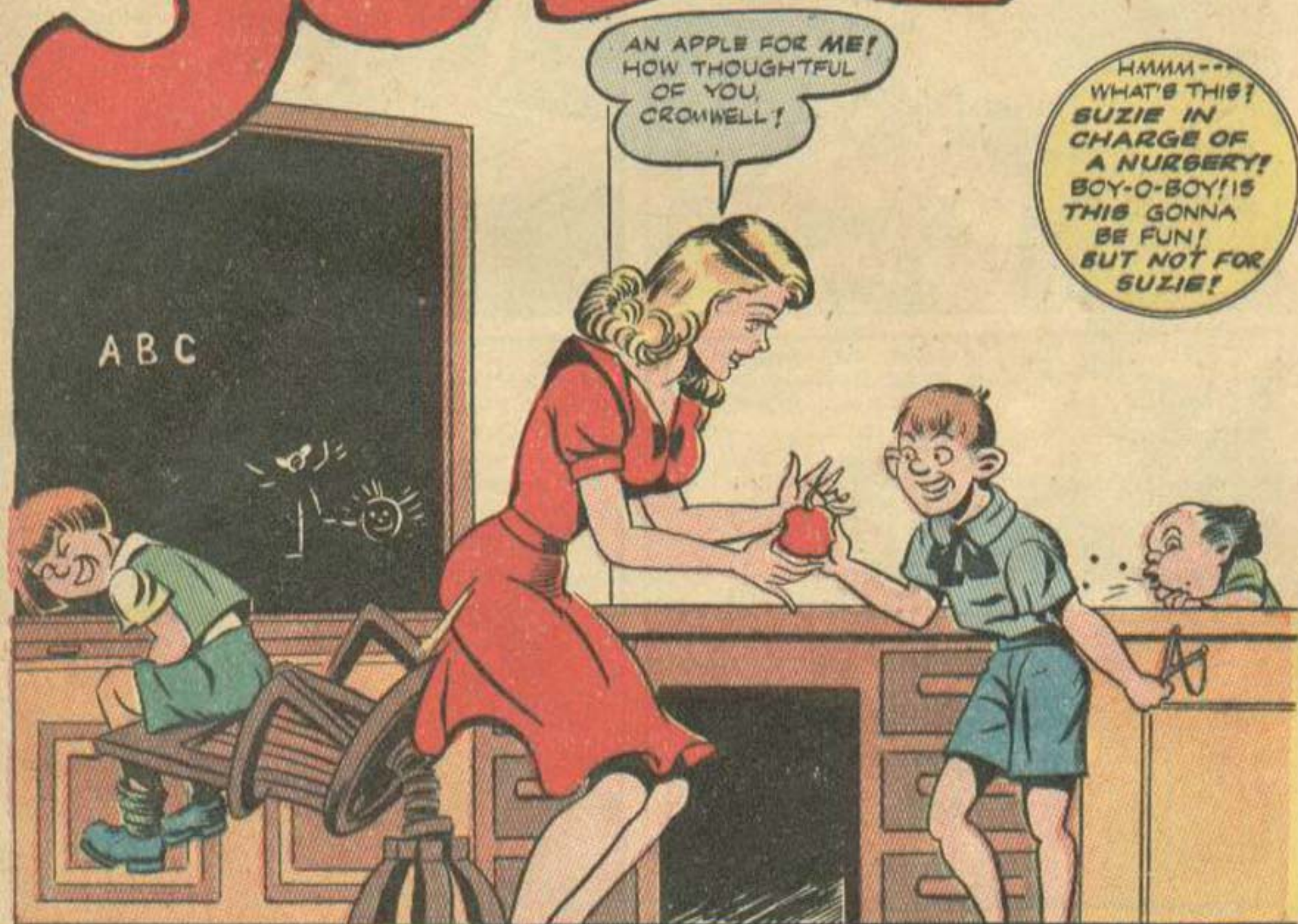
They stepped into the hall which was bustling with activity. Convict bookkeepers, trustees and guards were everywhere, darting from office to office across the hall through the "Bull Ring" doors. Some were searching prisoners, others were waiting to usher

visitors through the prison. All were alert, ever watchful. They were watching now.

The human fly speck saw it all with a glance from the bottom of the stair. He saw the man in the gun cage watching him closely, saw him scan the two life-term convicts directly in front of him. Then Dago showed that he could not only out-do most human flies by shinning a slender rod to hug a tin ball and paint it, but that he could act. That was why he had stripped the guard of his uniform, wasn't it? He raised his right hand in signal to the guard in the steel cage. "Taking a couple of men to town, here, boss," his husky voice sang out. "Go on!" said the guard in the cage, turning his attention to the bustling hallway and "Bull Ring."

And that is how "Dago" James Gillespie escaped from the Texas Prison a little over twelve years ago. Did they catch him? Yes, they caught him as they always do. When a thief goes to sleep, about half of the nation's cops wake up. A thief has one shift—while he is awake. He almost always gets "knocked off" on the other shift. Dago was brought back. He was finally made a trusty and then granted clemency.

SUZIE



SUZIE IS AT HER FAVORITE
PASTIME--JOB HUNTING!

WANTED: YOUNG LADY TO TAKE
CHARGE OF A NURSERY! I'LL
TRY THAT ONE!



YOU'LL HAVE
TO SPEAK
LOUDER, MISS!
I'M A LITTLE
DEAF!

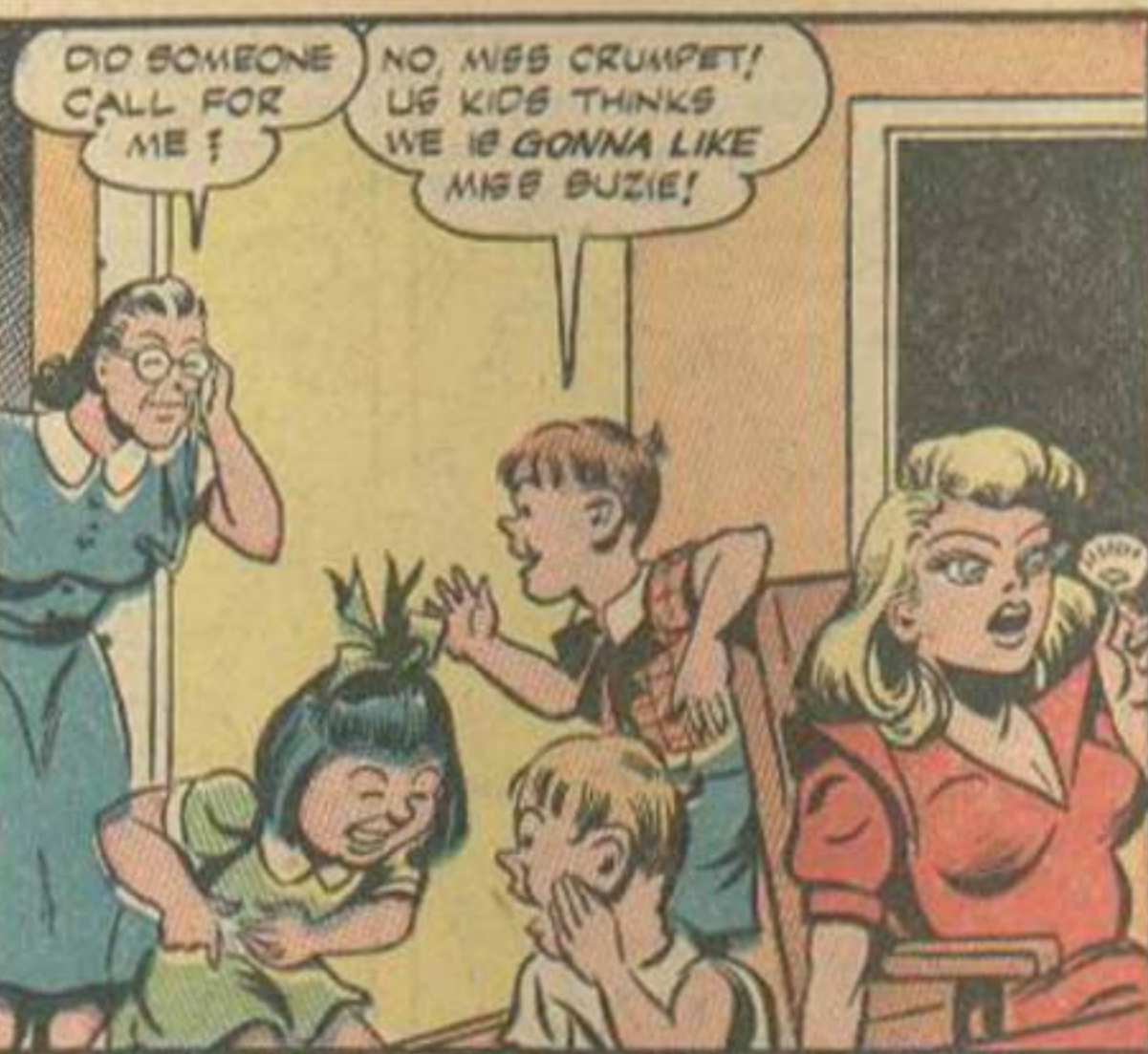
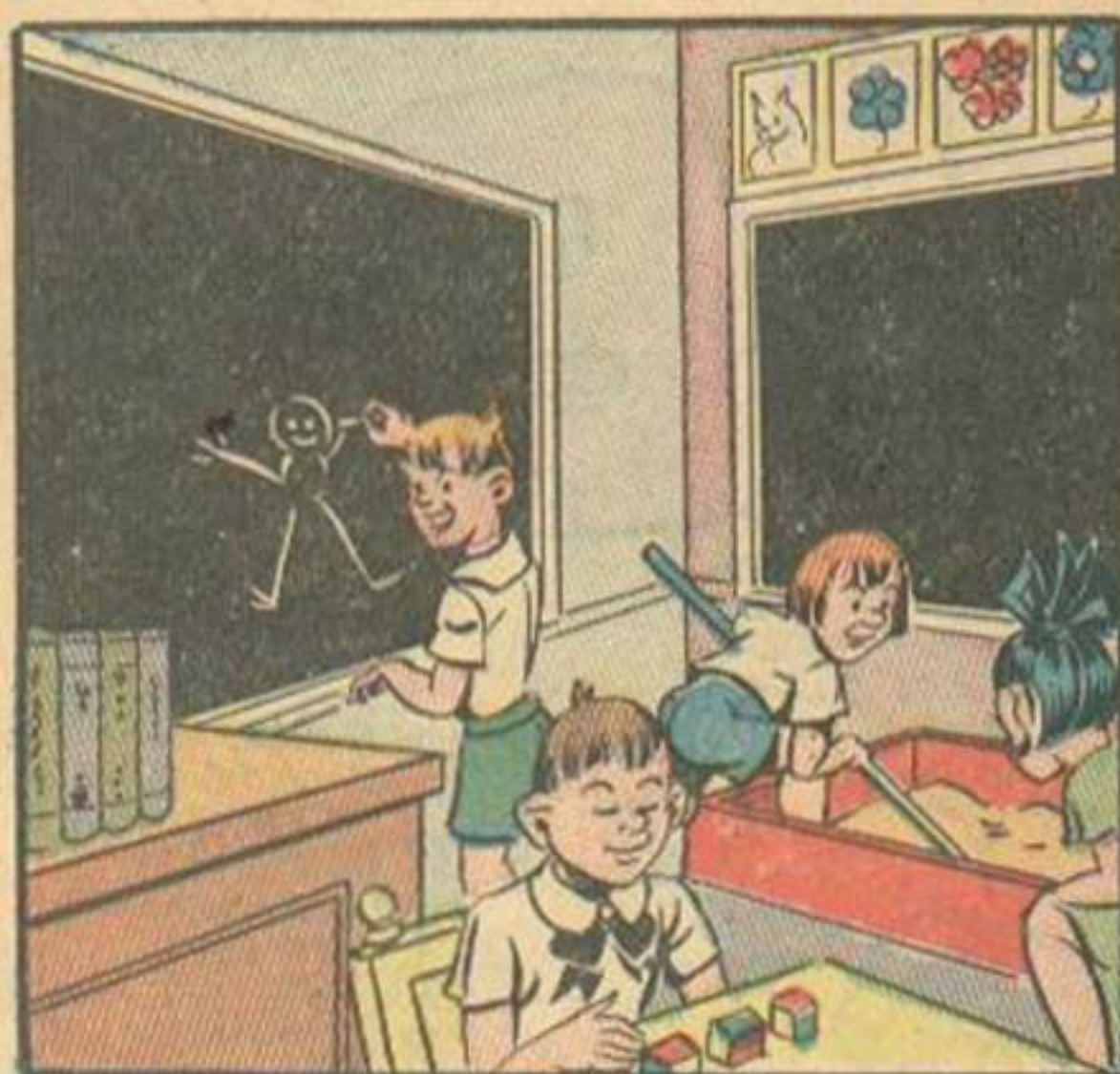


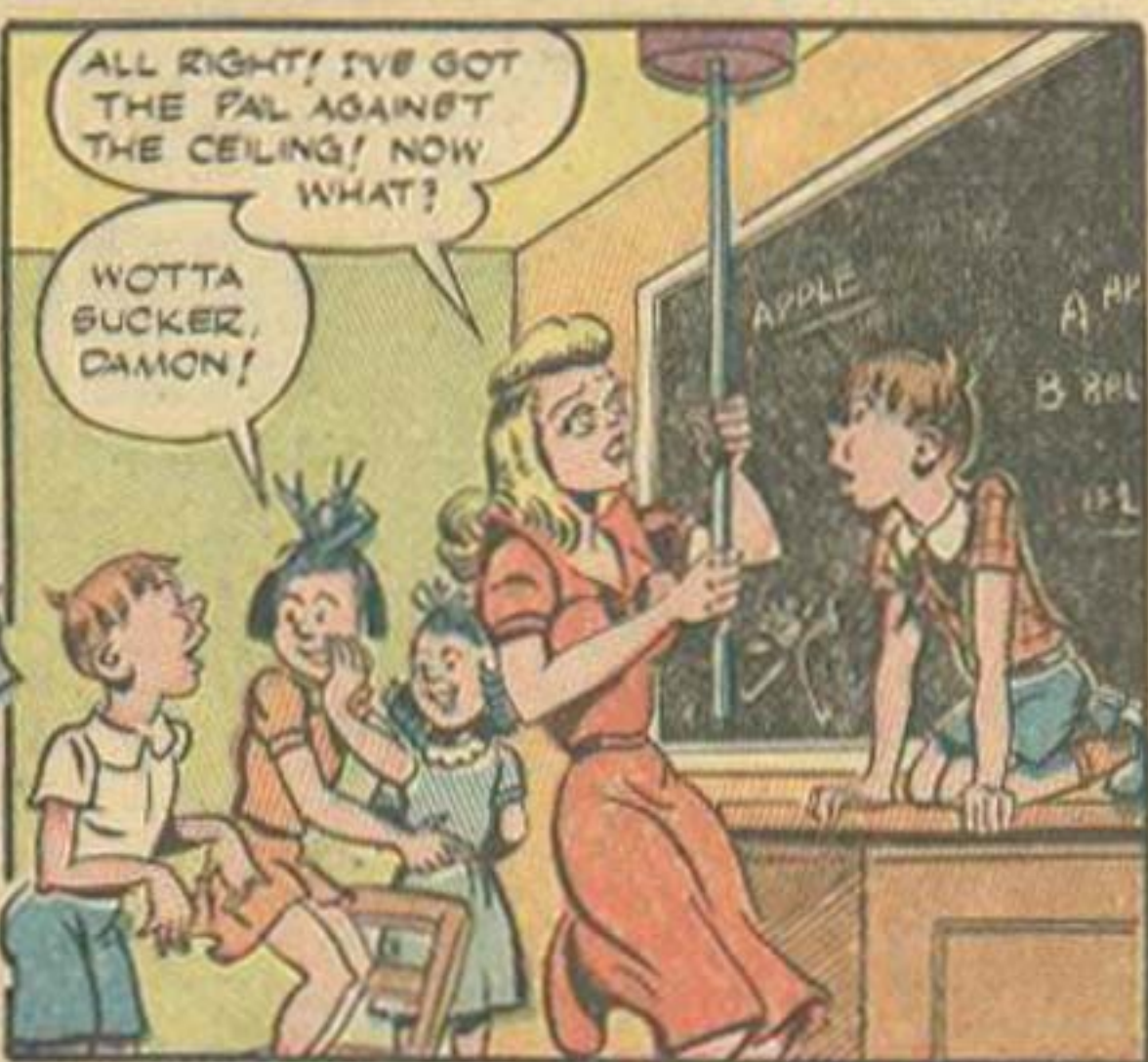
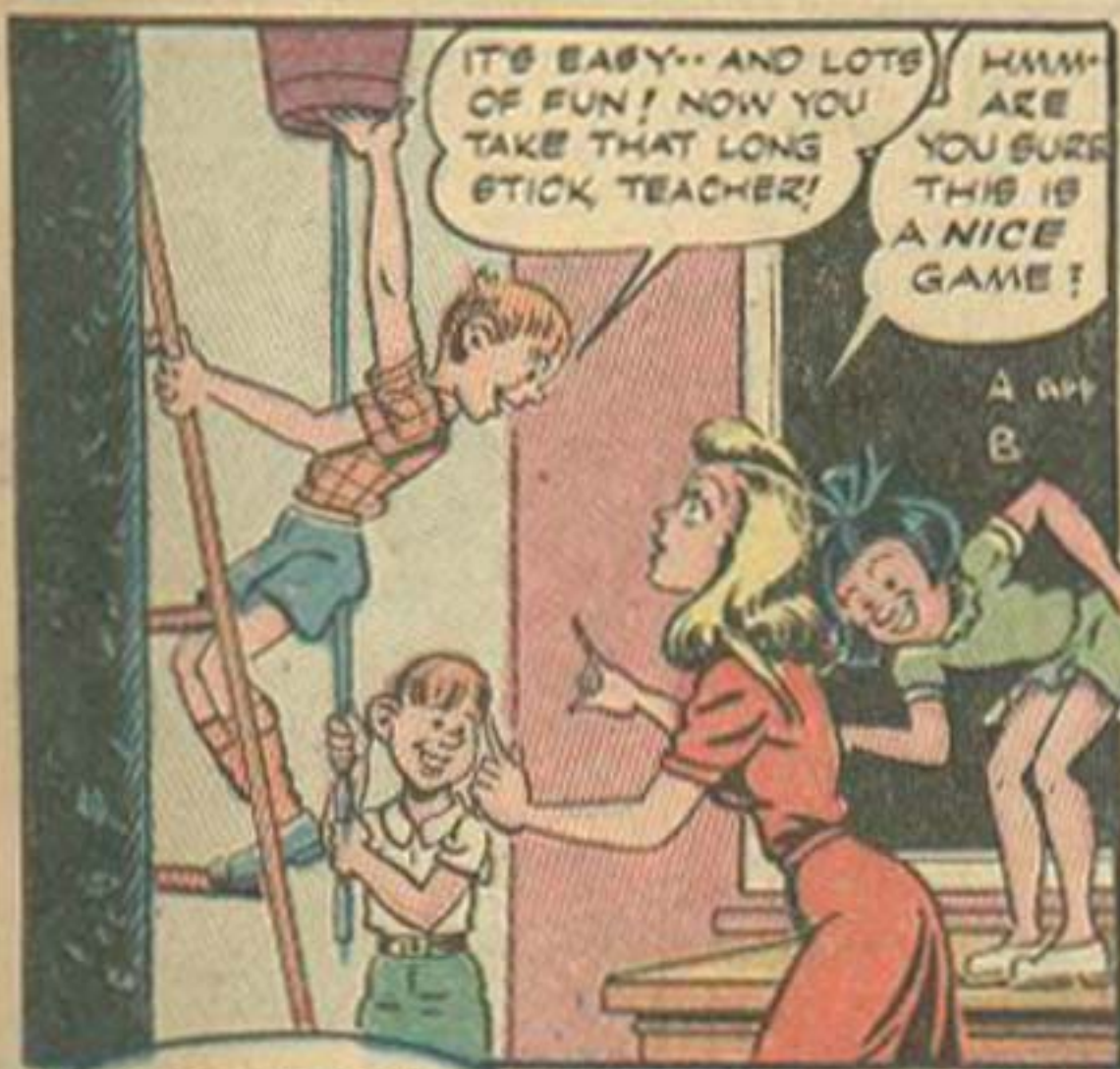
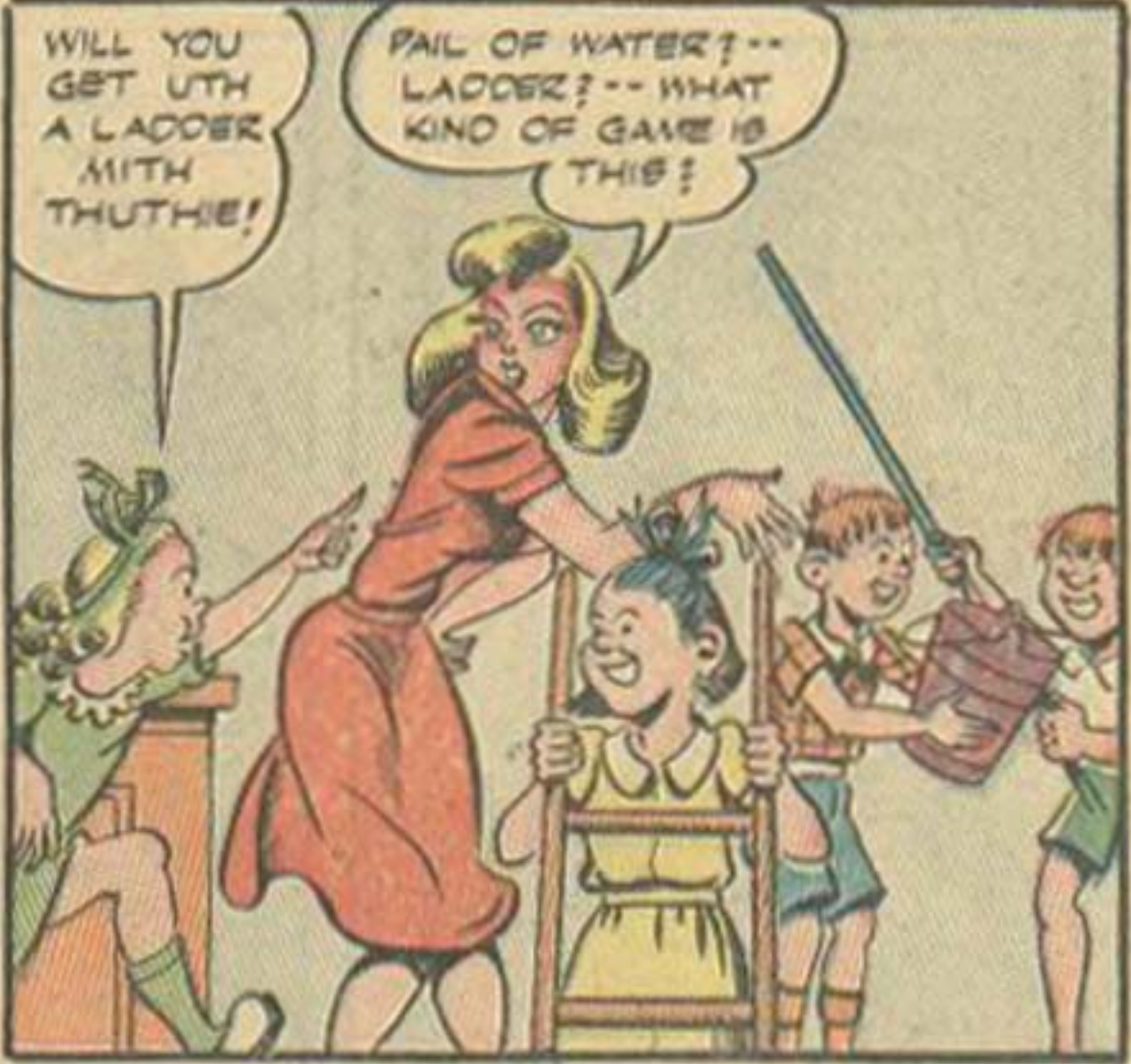
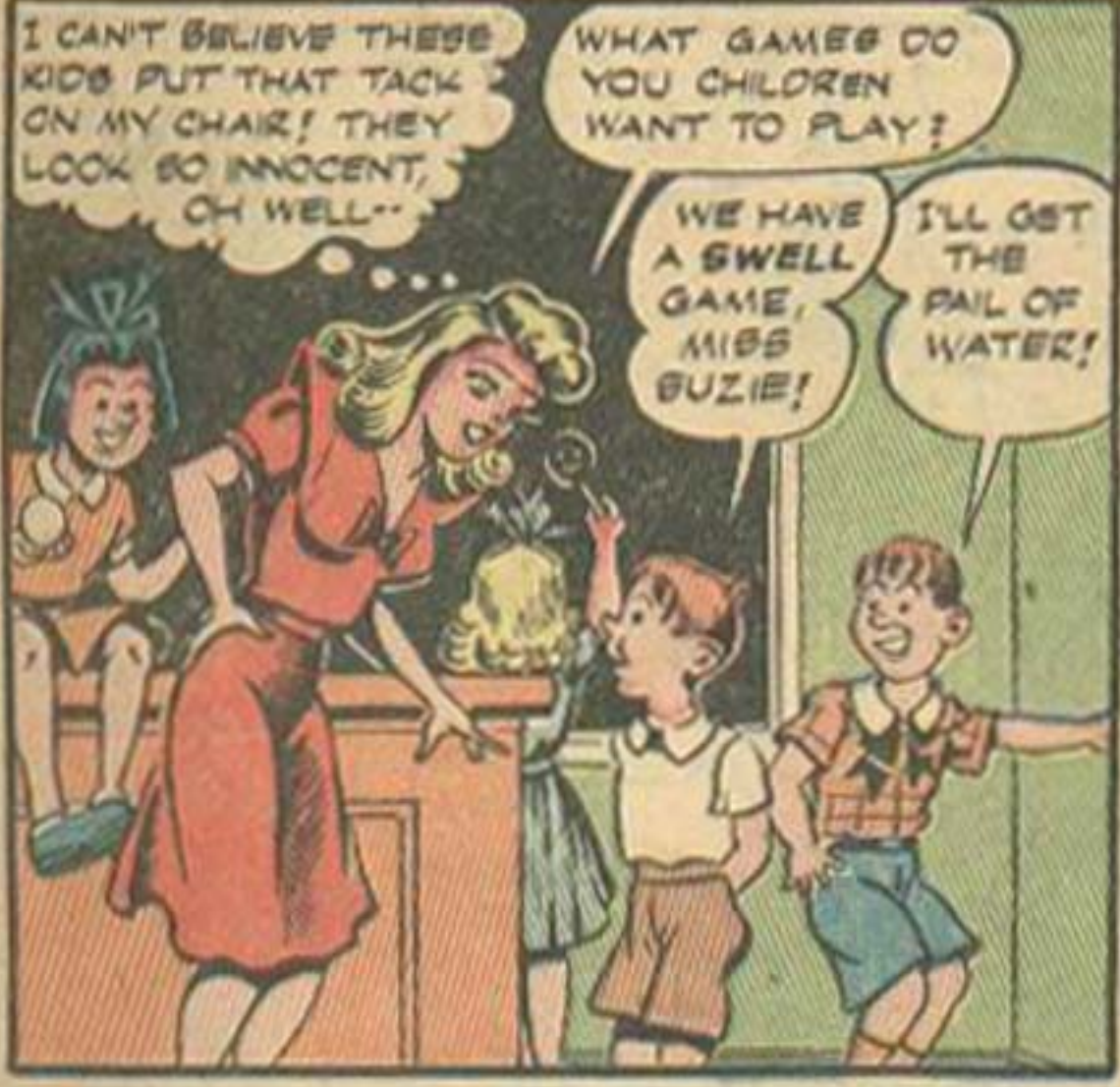
I SAID I CAME
FOR THAT NUR-
SERY JOB!



OH! FINE! YOU LOOK LIKE
YOU'LL DO! COME IN! I'LL
INTRODUCE YOU TO THE
CHILDREN! THEY'RE
SUCH DEARS!



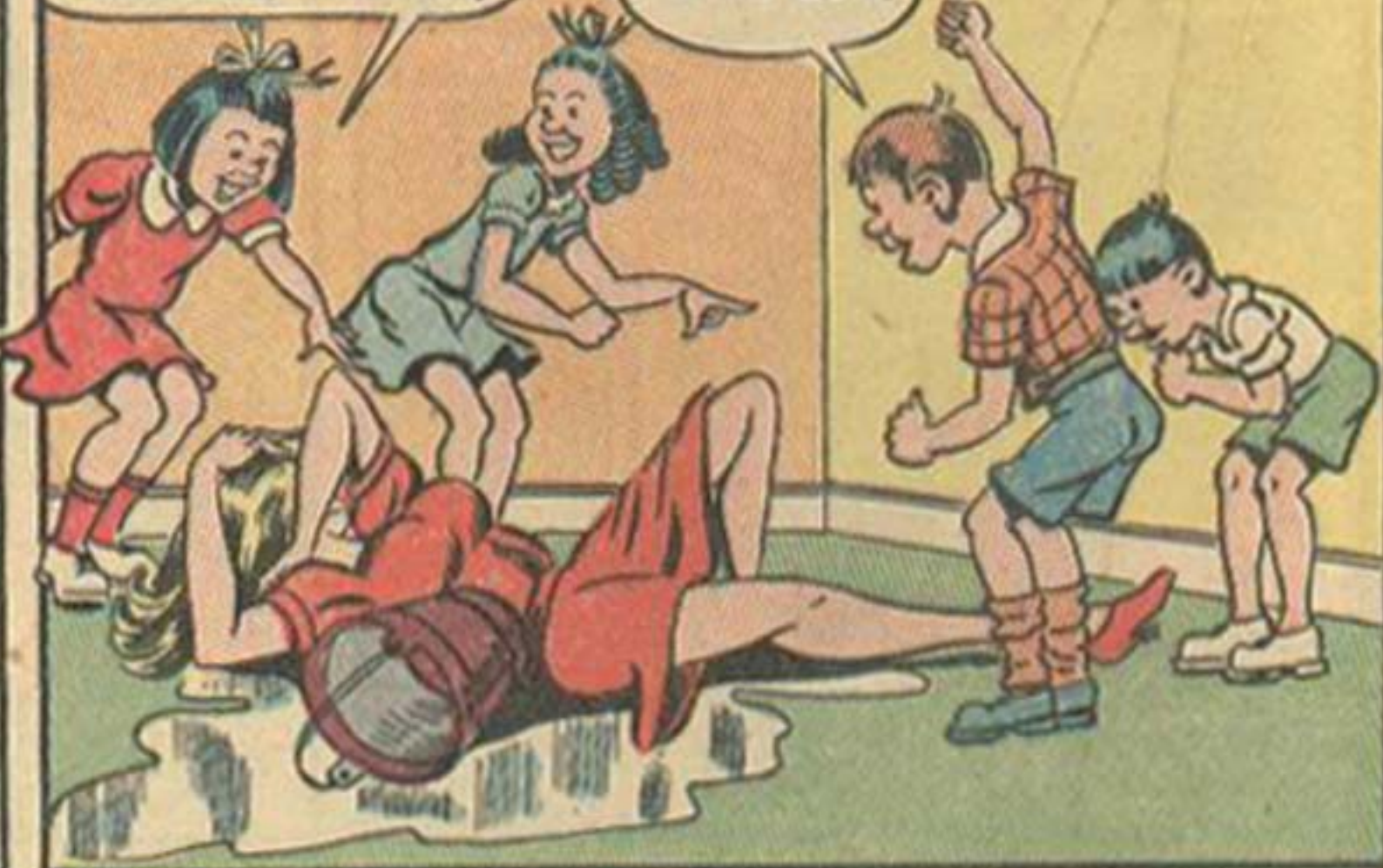






TEE-HEE! TEACHER ITH
THLEEPING! THUM FUN!

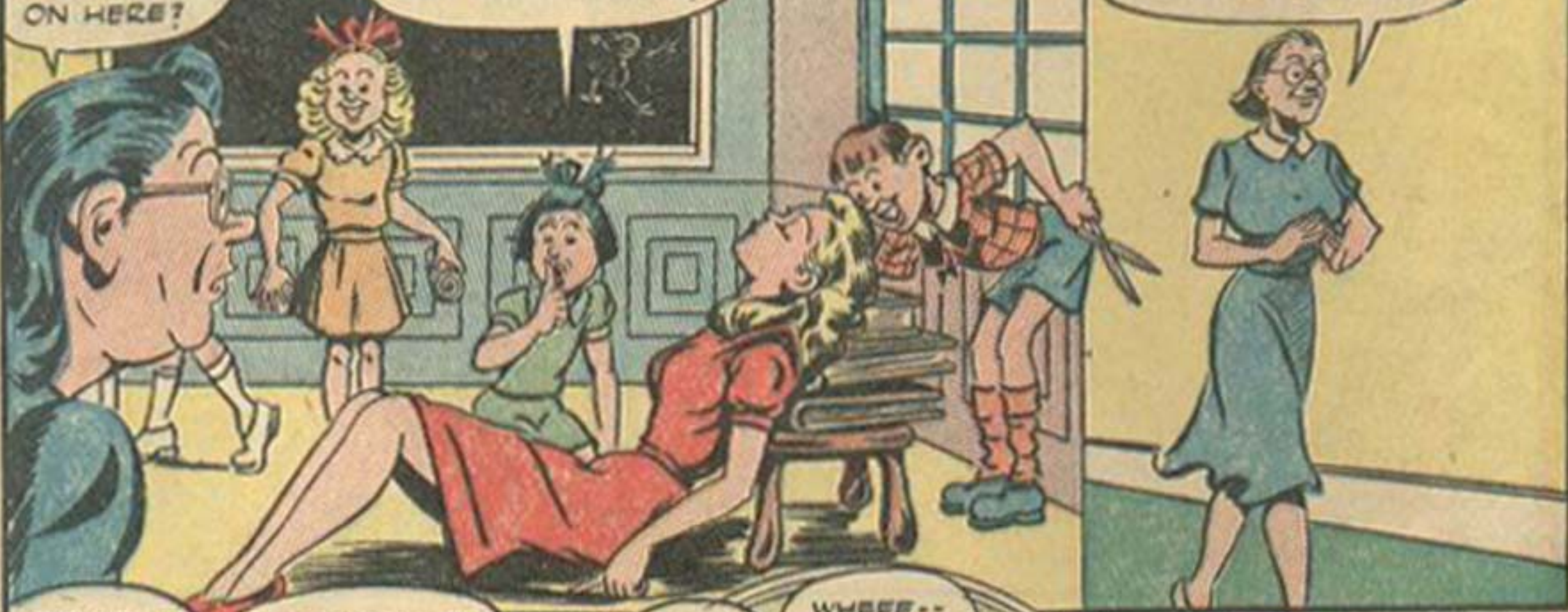
8-9-10 AND
6HE'S OUT!



CHILDREN!
CHILDREN!
WHAT'S GOING
ON HERE?

GH--WE'RE PLAYING
THLEEPING BEAUTY
WIFF MITH THUTHIE!

HOW CLEVER OF THAT
NEW TEACHER TO THINK
UP A GAME LIKE THAT!

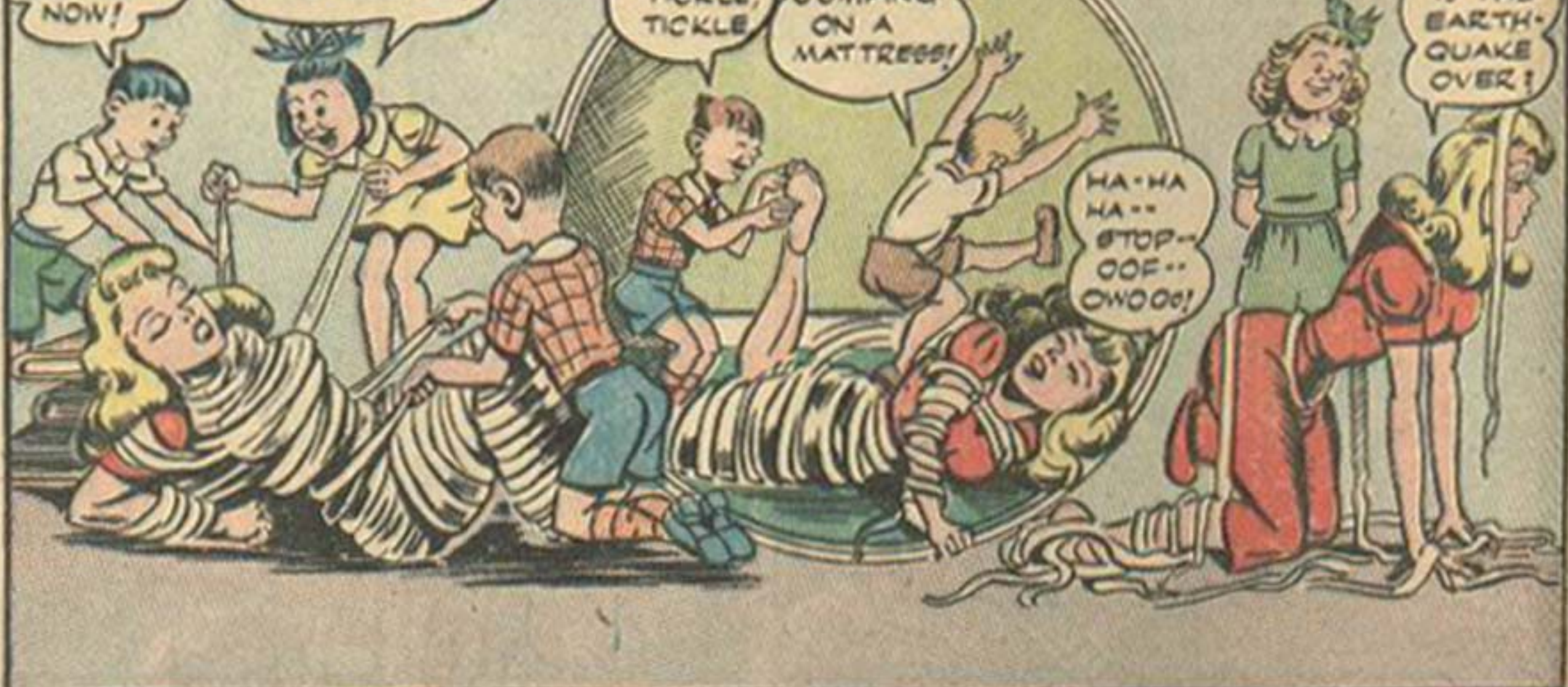


LET'S PLAY
DOCTOR
NOW!

GOODY! I'LL BE
THE NURTHE!

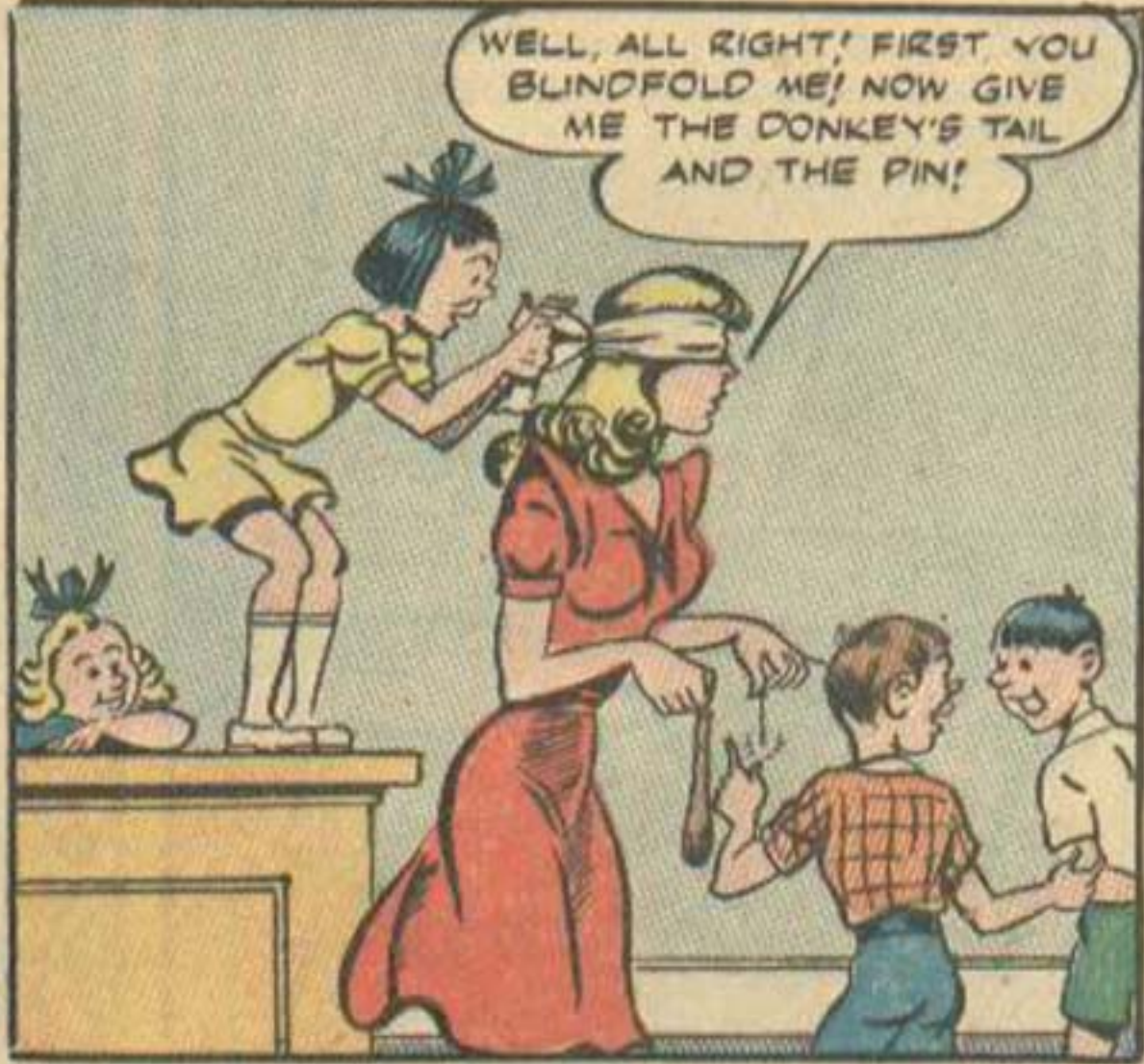
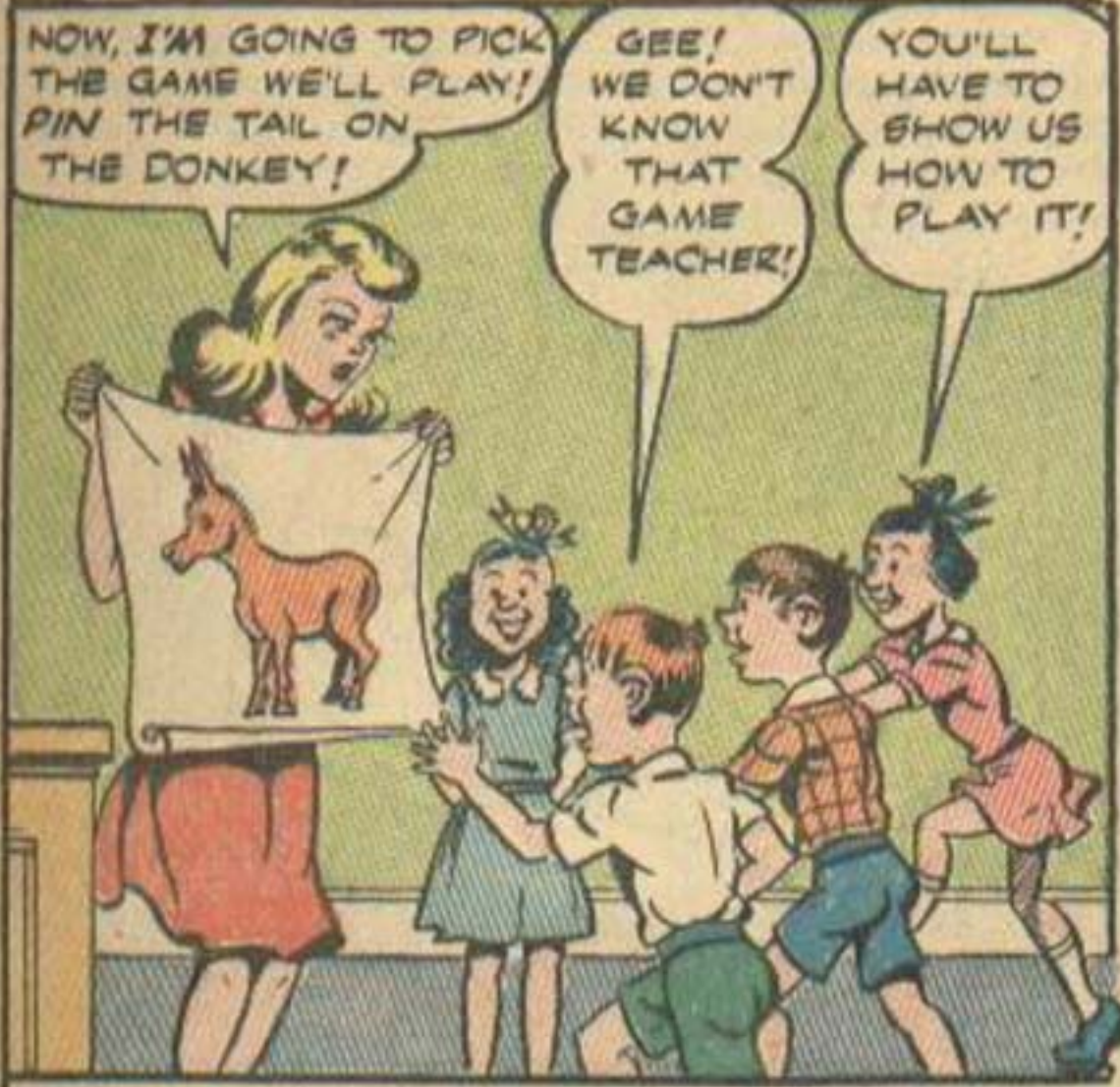
TICKLE,
TICKLE,
TICKLE

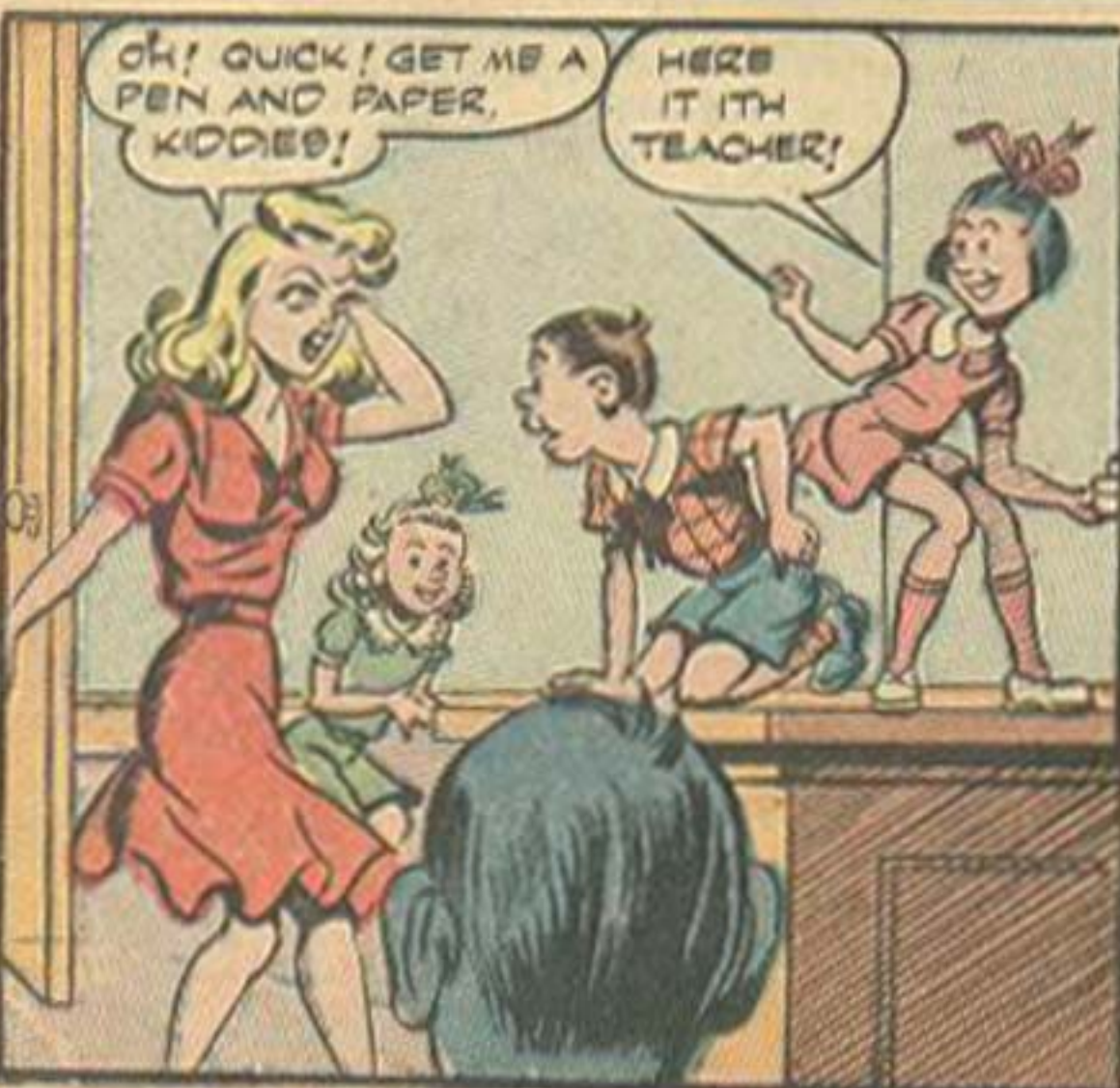
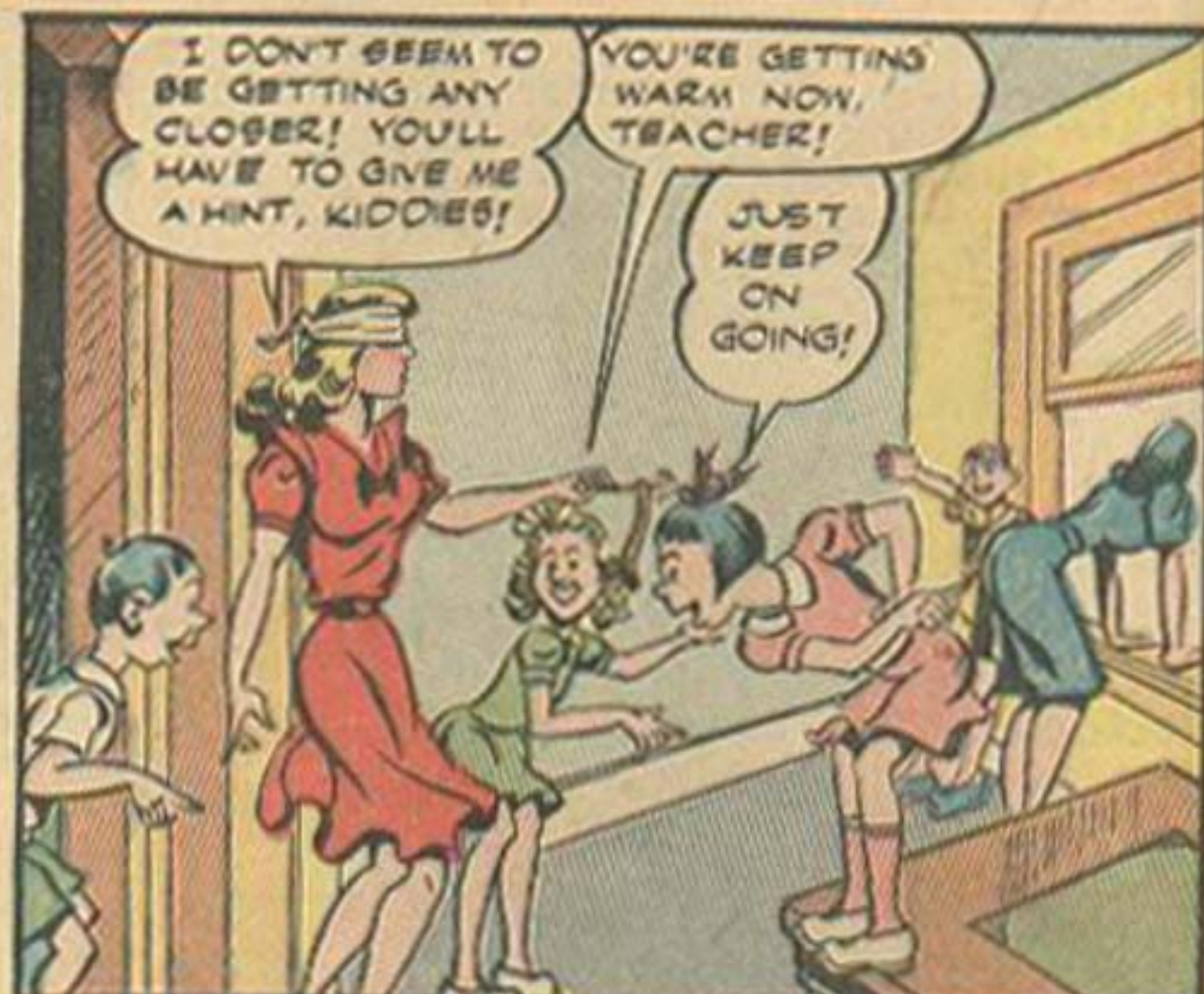
WHEE--
JUST LIKE
JUMPING
ON A
MATTRESS!



HA-HA
HA--
STOP--
OOO--
OWOOO!

IS THE
EARTH-
QUAKE
OVER!

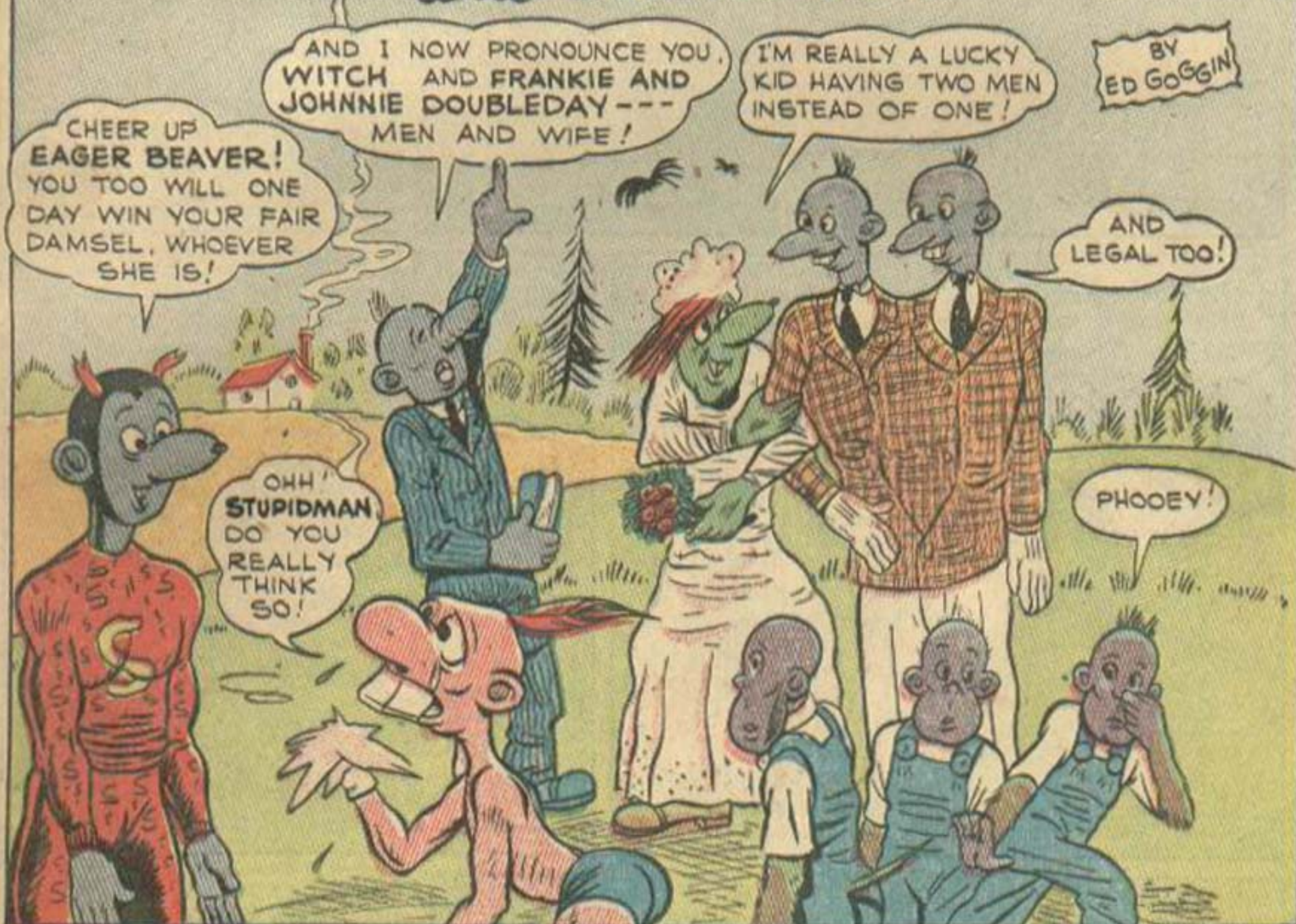




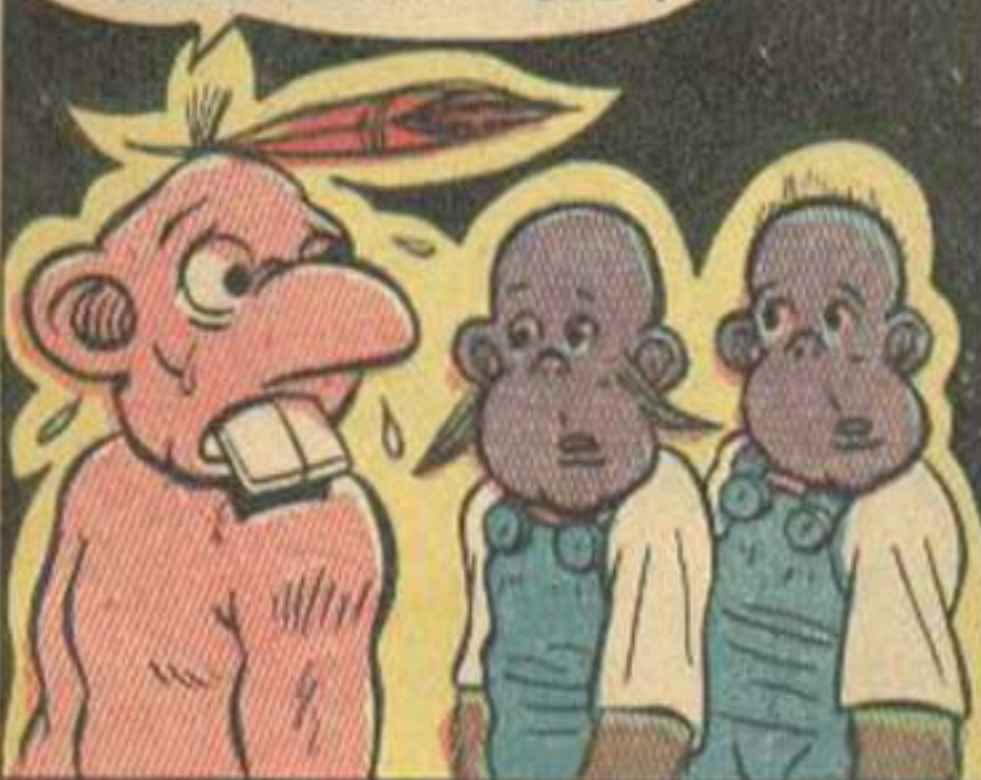
The 3 Monkeyteers

and STUPIDMAN

BY
ED GOGGIN



MY GOSH, MONKEYTEERS, DID YOU EVER SEE SUCH A TENDER TOUCHING SCENE? SHE MAKES A LOVELY BRIDE, DON'T SHE?

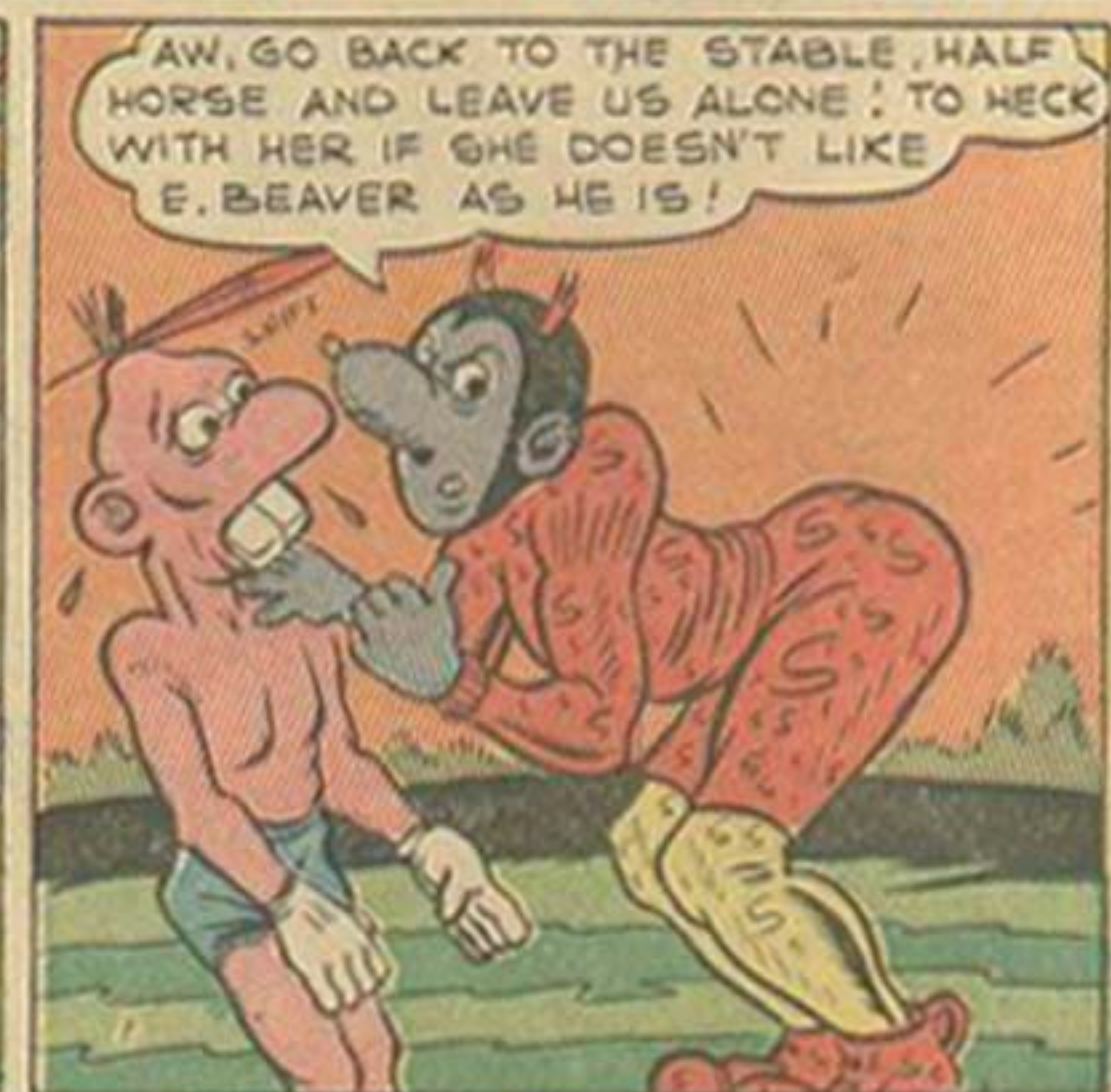
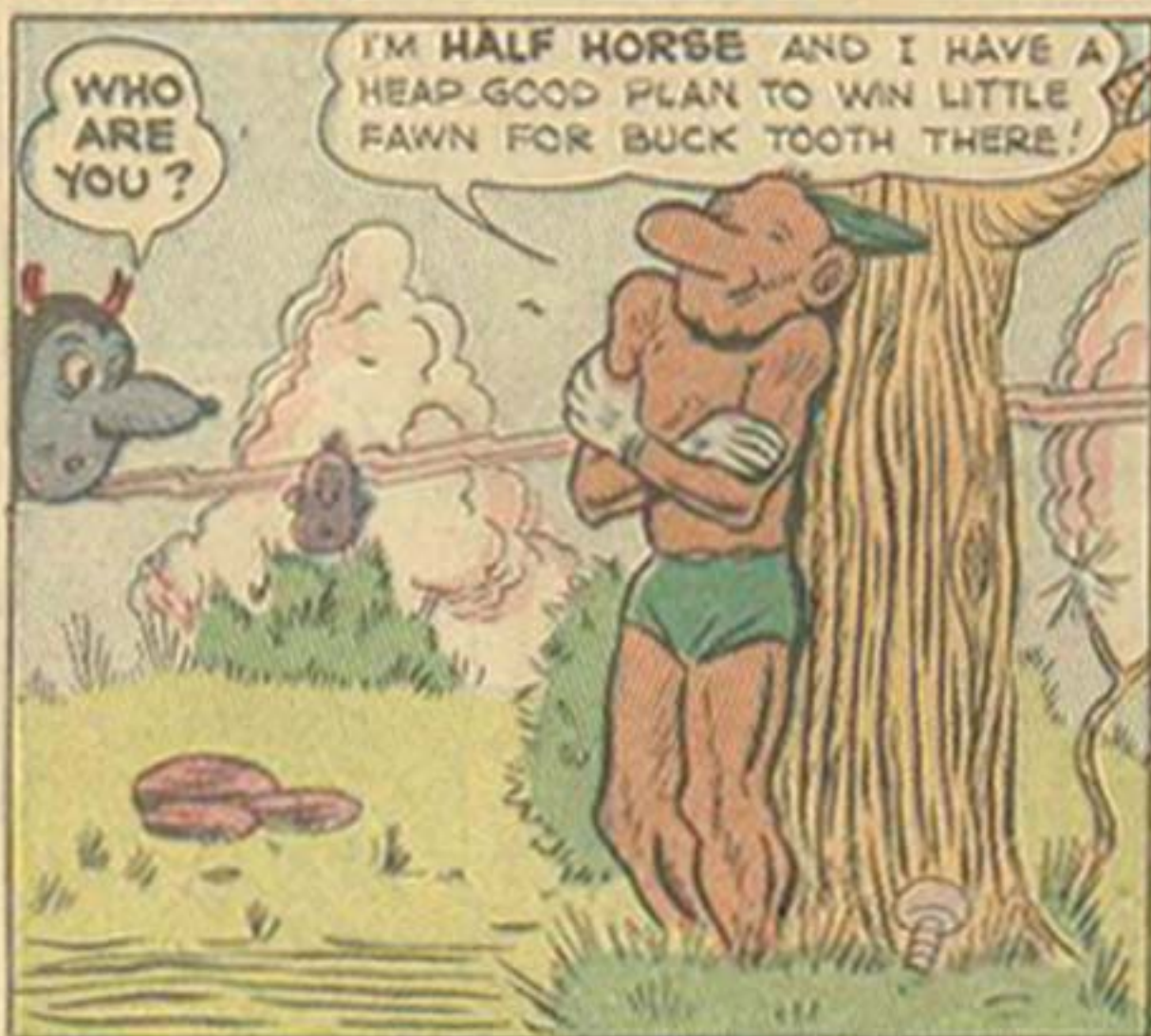


OH, STUPIDMAN, WHAT SHALL I DO? LITTLE FAWN WILL HAVE NOTHING TO DO WITH ME! SHE SAYS I AM A NOBODY!



AH HA.. YOU NEED CHEERING UP.. WATCH THIS!







NONE OTHER THAN
THE ONE AND ONLY
HALF HORSE!

STOMP
STOMP
STOMP
STOMP

HERE'S HOW WE WILL
WIN LITTLE FAWN FOR
EAGER BEAVER!

STUPIDMAN,
FIRST YOU
WILL „BZZ!

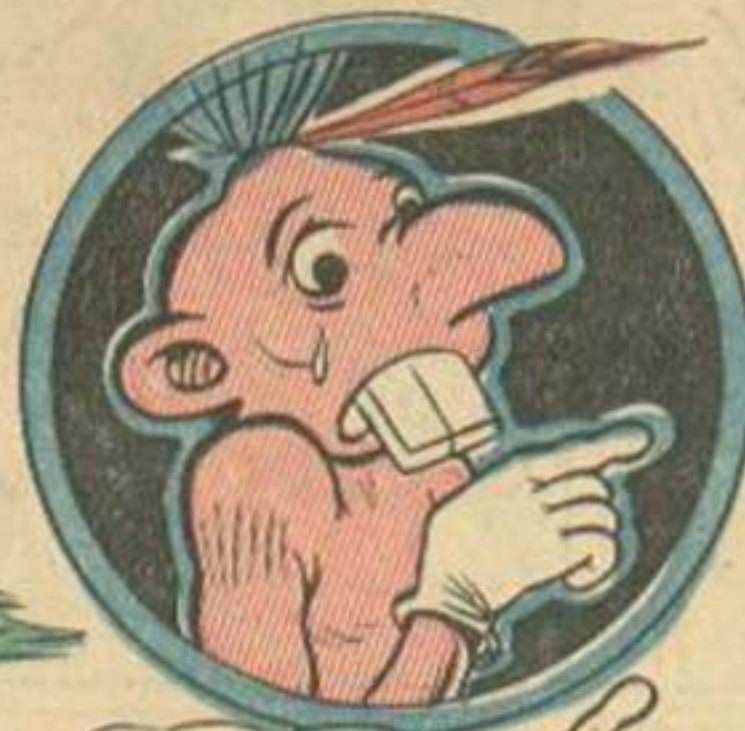
AND THEN
MONKEY-TEERS
YOU GO „BZZ!

OH, THANK YOU... LITTLE
FAWN LIVES UP THERE AND
WILL SEE IT ALL... GO
AHEAD, HALF HORSE!



OKAY
BUT

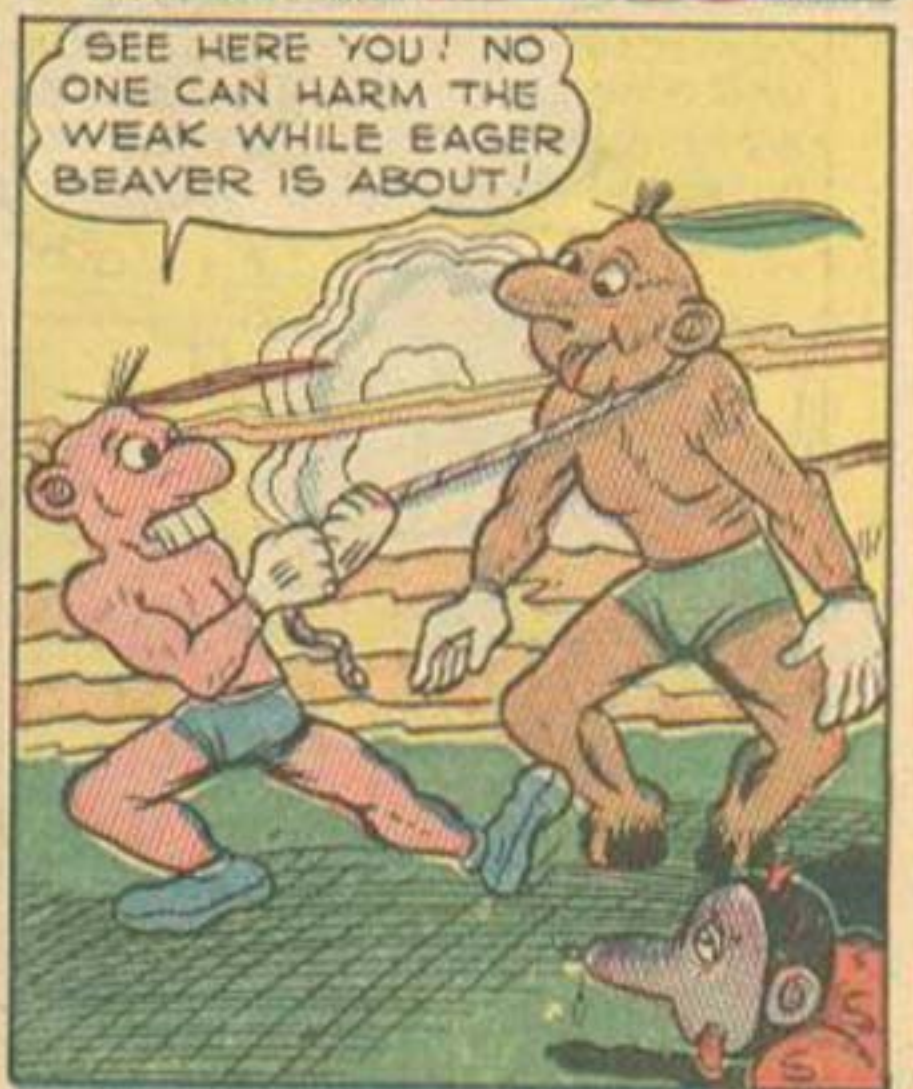
JUST
FOR
E.B.



NO ONE
CAN SAVE
YOU NOW!



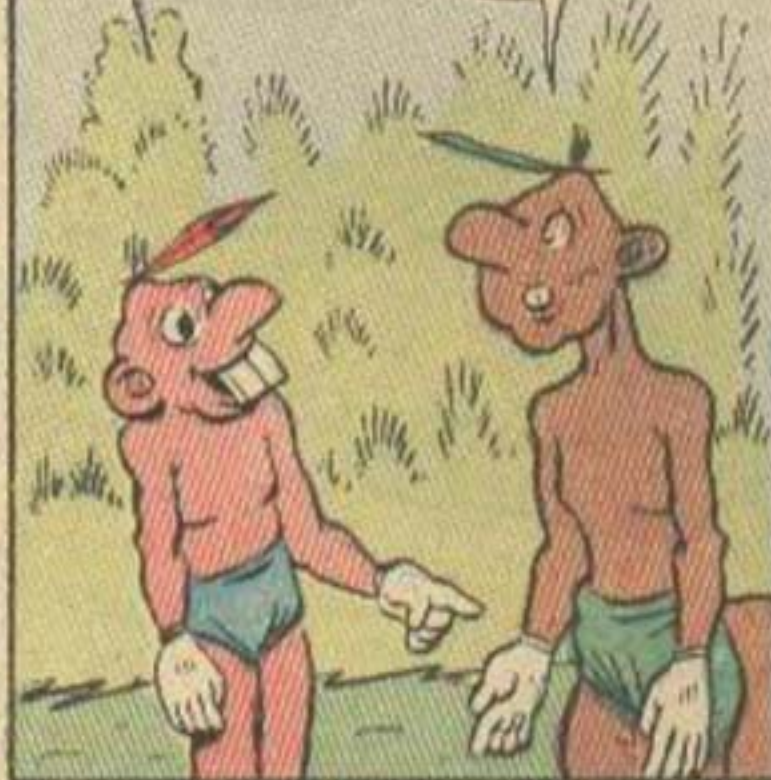
I WILL SAVE
YOU! STOP
THAT INHUMAN
CONDUCT, YOU
FIEND



GIDDY-AP! I WILL SHOW YOU WHO IS BOSS! I AM GREATER EVEN THAN GENE OAKTREE!



TAKE THAT AND THIS!



OMWWW! OH, PLEASE, EAGER BEAVER, I WILL BEHAVE!

YOU BET YOU WILL! I AM YOUR MASTER!



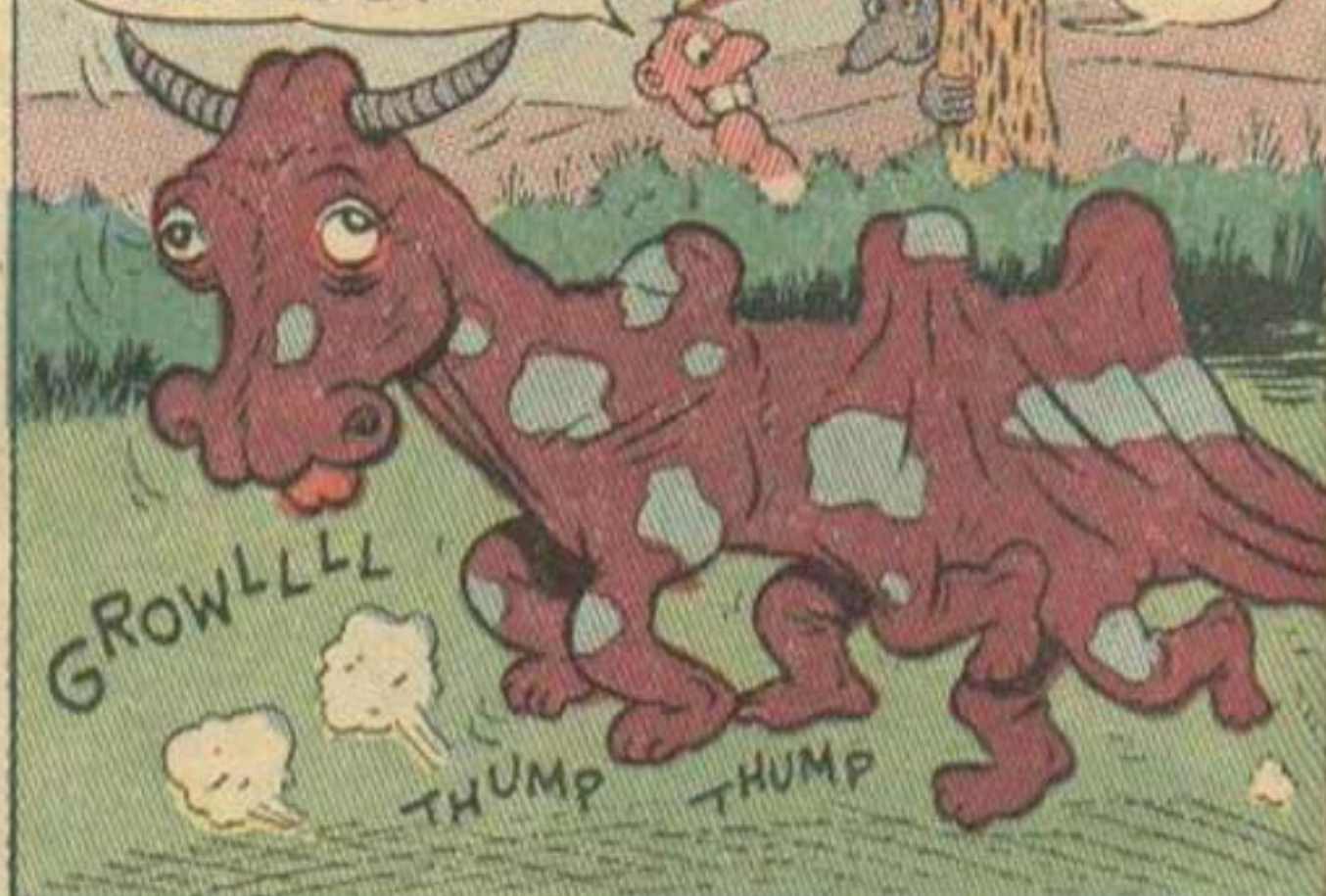
AND DON'T EVER COME BACK, YOU VARMINT!



OH, EAGER, LOOK BEHIND YOU!



DO NOT BE AFRAID, STUPIDMAN! IT IS ONLY A FIERCE AND HORRIBLE DRAGON!



OH DEAR!

OH DEAR, WHAT WOULD ANY OF US DO WITHOUT YOU?



FEAR NOT, STUPIDMAN! EAGER BEAVER WILL PROTECT YOU!

YOU CANNOT BE A DETRIMENT TO THE COMMUNITY, SIR! TAKE THAT!





YOU ARE SAFE NOW...

SO I WILL GO AND SEE THAT LITTLE FAWN IS PROTECTED!



OH H H! I'M GLAD THAT'S OVER! I WOULDN'T GO THROUGH THAT AGAIN FOR MY OWN MOTHER!

HA HA I REALLY ENJOYED MYSELF!

OH GOSH!

QUICK, YEHUDI, GET US OUT OF THIS!

OH!



WAIT! WAIT! LITTLE FAWN IS NOT IN HER TEPEE!



SHE DIDN'T SEE US! WE'LL HAVE TO DO IT OVER!

WAIT! WHAT'S THAT?

CRASH
R-R-RUMBLE



IT IS LITTLE FAWN!

GOSH, SHE MUST BE COMING IN A GENERAL GRANT!



OH, EAGER BEAVER, YOU WERE WONDERFUL! I SAW YOU SAVE THE GREAT STUPIDMAN TWICE!

GOSH, MISS FAWN!



I CAN HARDLY WAIT TO SEE THE CUTE LIL THING! I'LL TAKE A PEEK!



AND WE'LL BE WED IN THE MONTH OF JUNE, YES!

UGH

HEY!
LOOK!
STUPID-
MAN
FAINTED!

WHY THE SILLY
ROMANTIC BOY! HE
SWOONED JUST
BECAUSE WE'RE GET-
TING MARRIED IN JUNE!



YOU ARE THE ONE FOR
ME, EAGER BEAVER! I
AM FOREVER YOURS!



LATER! HA, HA DON'T BE SO
SERIOUS! HOW WAS I TO
KNOW LITTLE FAWN WAS
ACTUALLY **RUNNING SOW**
FROM POLECAT RIDGE!

HA, HA I ENJOYED
MYSELF ANYWAY!



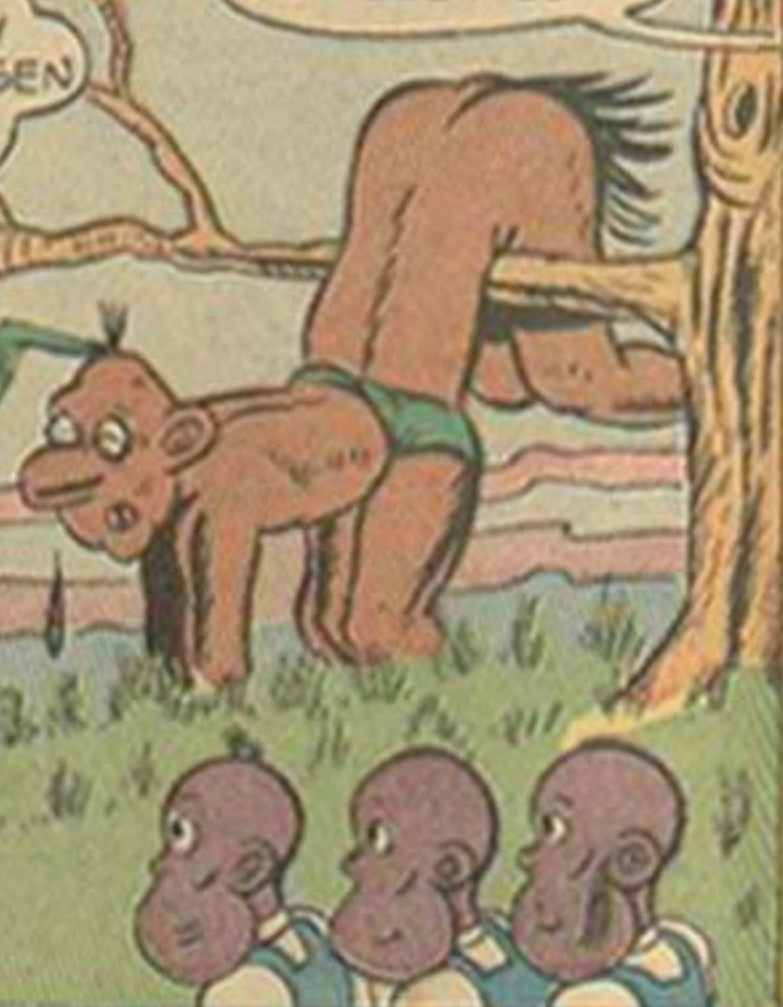
YOU'VE BEEN
ENJOYING YOURSELF
ALL DAY... NOW...



SO LONG, MONKEYTEERS!
I MUST REPORT FOR DUTY
AT SCHULTZ'S DELICATESSEN
AND WILL SEE YOU LATER!



HE DESERVED IT!



I SAW THE WHOLE THING
AND THE HANDSOME ONE
WHO JUST RAN OFF IS
BRAVE AND KIND!
WHO IS HE?



ALL RIGHT THEN, DON'T TELL ME!
I'LL FIND HIM MYSELF AND I'M
SURE HE'LL BE GLAD TO SEE
ME! WAIT AND SEE!



WHO IS THIS BEAUTIFUL
CREATURE? WILL SHE
FIND **STUPIDMAN**?
AND LEARN HIS TRUE
IDENTITY WILL HE BE
GLAD TO SEE HER?
DON'T MISS NEXT
MONTH'S ISSUE OF
**TOP-NOTCH LAUGH
COMICS!!!**

DROP US A LINE THE
BEST LETTER WILL WIN
A PICTURE OF ANYONE
APPEARING IN **"THE
3 MONKEY-TEERS"**

BEST LETTER THIS
MONTH IS FROM
BOBBY STOBAUGH
413 1/2 30TH ST
SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

GLOOMY GUS

THE HOMELESS'S GHOST



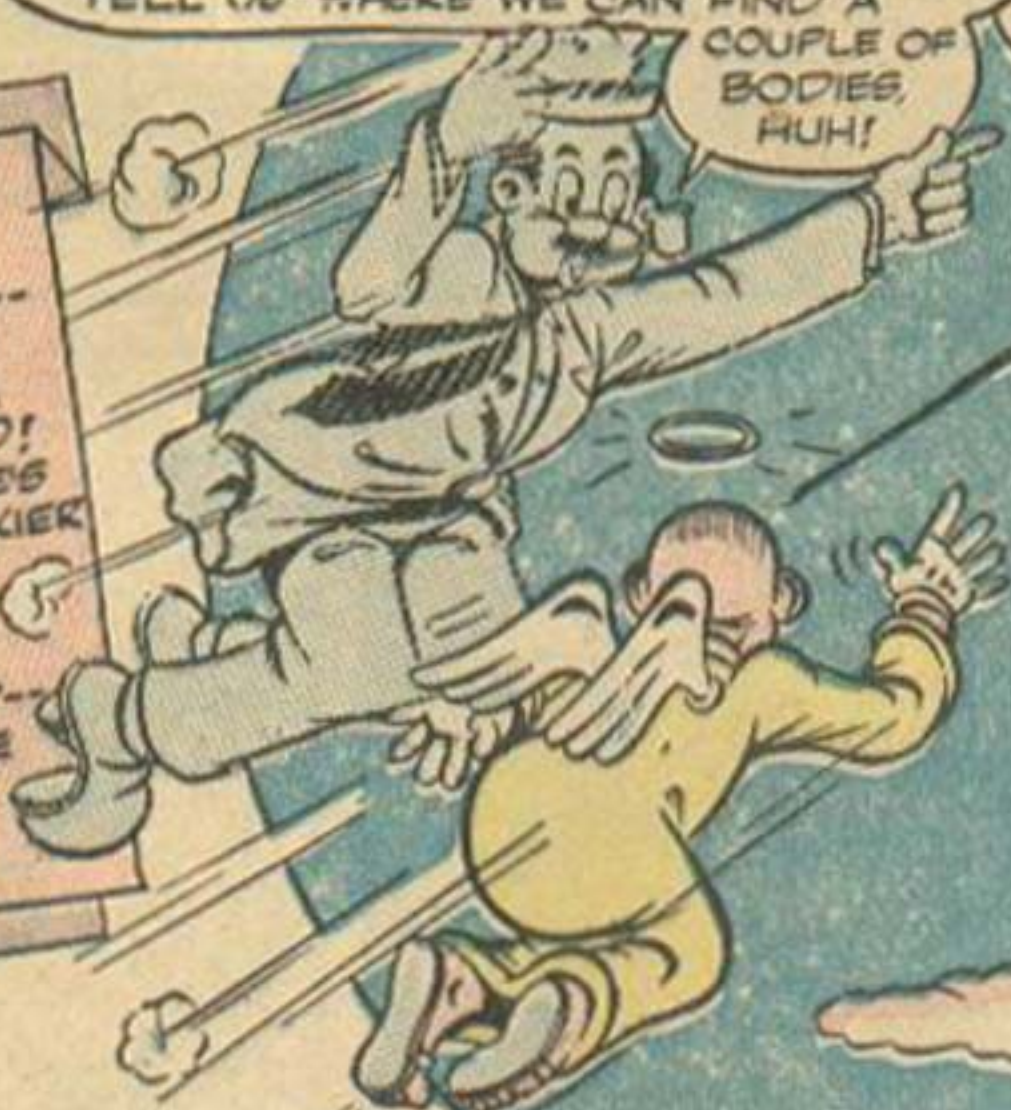
YA KNOW IT'S SENSELESS OF US GO-
ING ALL THE WAY BACK TO HEAVEN
GABBY-- MAYBE WE COULD CALL ST.
PETE ON THE PHONE AND HE CAN
TELL US WHERE WE CAN FIND A

COUPLE OF
BODIES,
HUH!

NOW YER TALKING, GUS!
LET'S STOP OVER ON THAT
CLOUD AND PUT THE
CALL THROUGH! ANYWAY
I'M TOO TIRED TO TRAVEL
ALL THAT WAY BACK TO
HEAVEN!

BY
RED HOLMDALE
DRAWN BY
ED GOSSIN

GLOOMY GUS
CONTINUES TO
ROAM AROUND--
UNTIL A BODY
THAT FITS HIM
CAN BE FOUND!
SO YOU SEE HE'S
REALLY UNLUCKIER
THAN MOST
FOR DYING
BEFORE HIS
TIME WAS UP--
HE'S BECOME
A HOMELESS
GHOST!



WHATCHA
KNOW HERES
AN EMPTY
BOOTH! CAN
HARDLY BE-
LIEVE IT!



YES! THAT'S RIGHT OPERA-
TOR! I WANT HEAVENLY
EXCHANGE 7-7698! AND
HURRY IT THROUGH, WILL
YOU? REVERSE THE
CHARGES, OF COURSE!



ST. PETER? I'LL SEE IF HE'LL
ACCEPT THE CHARGES---
ONE MINUTE PLEASE-- WILL
YOU HOLD THE WIRE?





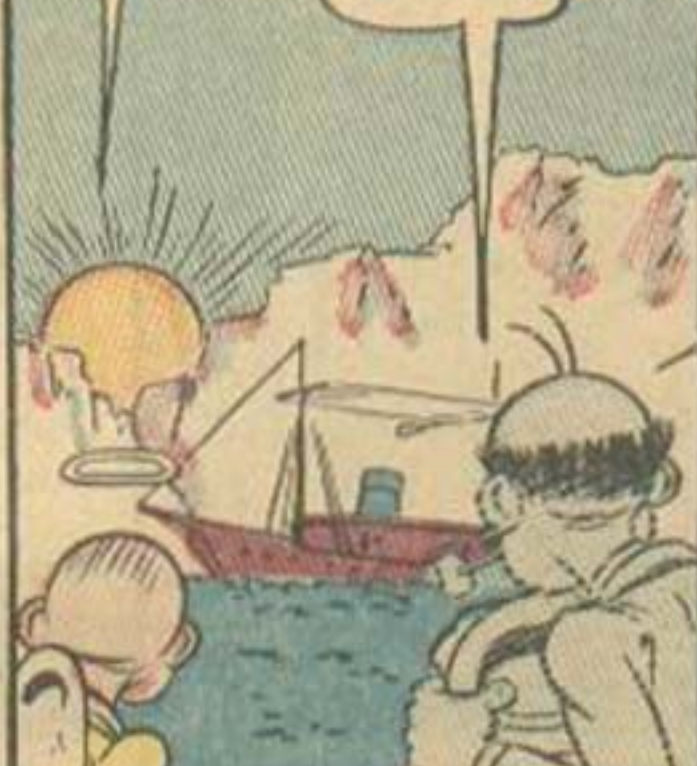
HERE WE ARE, GABBY! YOU'LL HAVE TO LIVE LIKE AN ESKI-MO--EATING RAW FISH AND BLUBBER!

OH YEAH--IF YOU ATE ENOUGH RAW FISH YOU'D BLUBBER TOO!



WHAT'S THAT? A SHIP!

GUESS THAT'S WHERE OUR BODIES ARE! C'MON, WE'LL SNEAK UP AND GRAB A LOOK!



THIS IS THE MOST AMAZING DISCOVERY OF THE CENTURY, CAPTAIN!

OH, BOY! THERE ARE THE TWO BODIES! JUST LIKE PETE SAID! C'MON!



C'MON, GABBY, NOBODY'S LOOKING! NOW'S OUR CHANCE TO SNEAK INTO OUR NEW HOMES!



A FEW MINUTES LATER---

YES, YES--IN PRETTY GOOD STATE OF PRESERVATION! WHA--I COULD'VE SWORN THAT THIS ONE MOVED!

HUH?



YEOW! HE IS MOVING! THIS UNBELIEVABLE! ALIVE AFTER A MILLION YEARS!

A MILLION YEARS! WHAT'S THE GUY TALKING ABOUT?



FREEZE 'EM UP AGAIN--QUICK! THEY'RE THE PERFECT EXAMPLE OF SUSPENDED ANIMATION!

HEY! WAIT A MINUTE---



A MONTH LATER---



THE GREAT EVENING ARRIVES---



THE AWAITED MOMENT COMES!
WITH YOUR KIND ATTENTION
I SHALL NOW BEGIN THE
GREAT EXPERIMENT!



FIRST OF ALL I'M GOING TO
CHOP THE ICE AWAY AND
THEN I SHALL ATTEMPT
TO CONVERSE WITH THESE
MEN WHOSE TONGUES
HAVE BEEN SILENCED
FOR THIS LONG
PERIOD OF TIME!



I DON'T CARE VERY MUCH FOR
THIS IDEA OF
PICKING ON
ME FIRST!



ALL OVER THE COUNTRY,
WIRES HUM WITH THIS
GREAT STORY ACROSS
THE MILES---



AND IN EVERY HOME---

ELMER, THE
DISHES ARE
READY TO
BE DRIED
NOW!

SHH! JUST ONE
MORE MINUTE
DEAR! THOSE
NEANDERTHALS
MAY SPEAK
ANY MINUTE!



AND THE NEWSPAPERS--



EVEN IN ST. PETER'S REALM!

TWO OF OUR BOYS! SURE
ARE DOING OK. FOR
THEMSELVES!

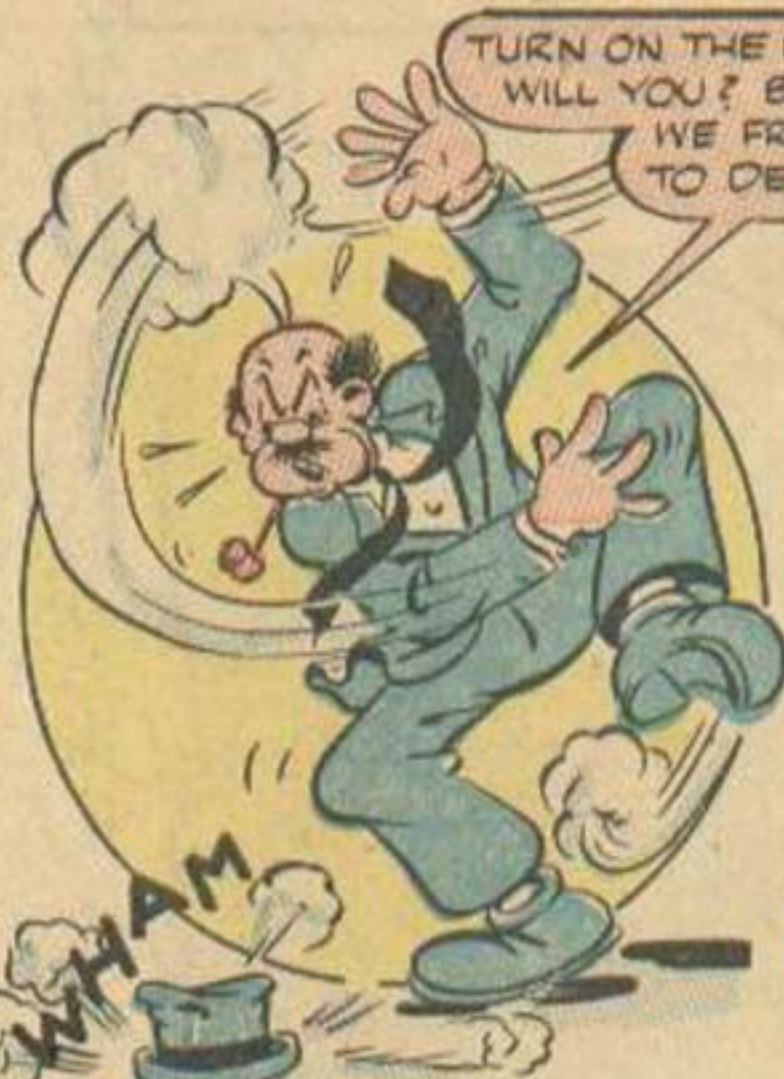


AH, AT LAST--I'VE GOT
'EM BOTH CHOPPED
OUT! NOW FOR MY
TRIUMPH!



A TENSE MOMENT FOLLOWS AS
EVERYONE AWAITS THE DECISION--
WILL THESE MEN FROM THE
PAST COME TO LIFE??







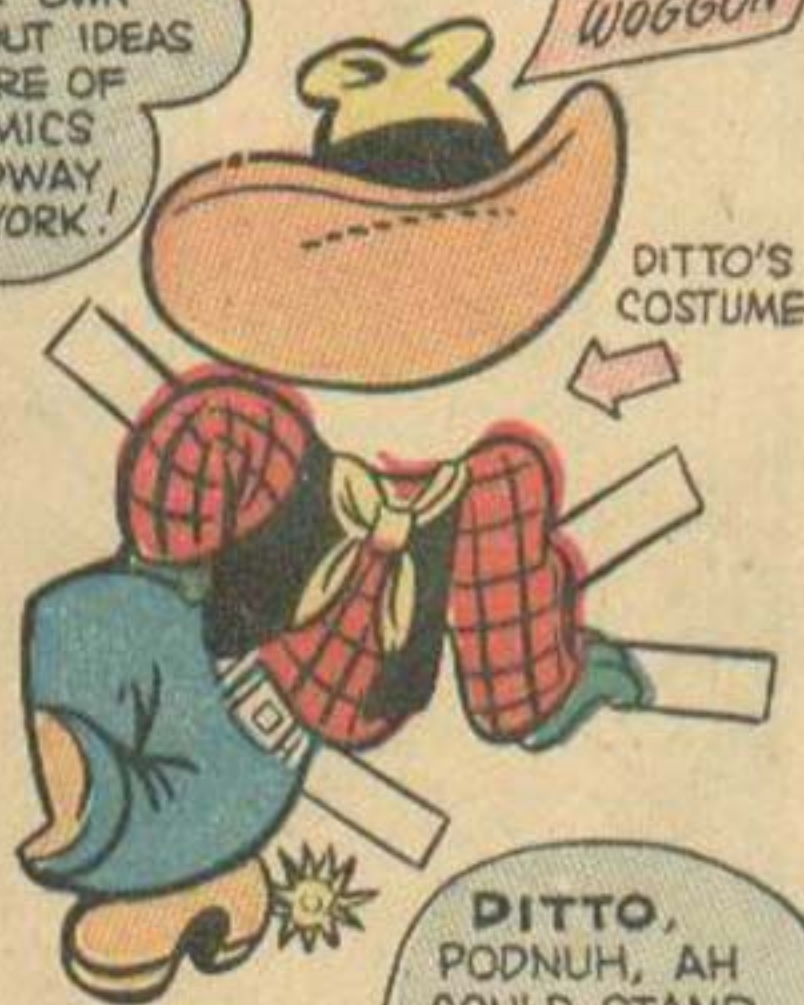
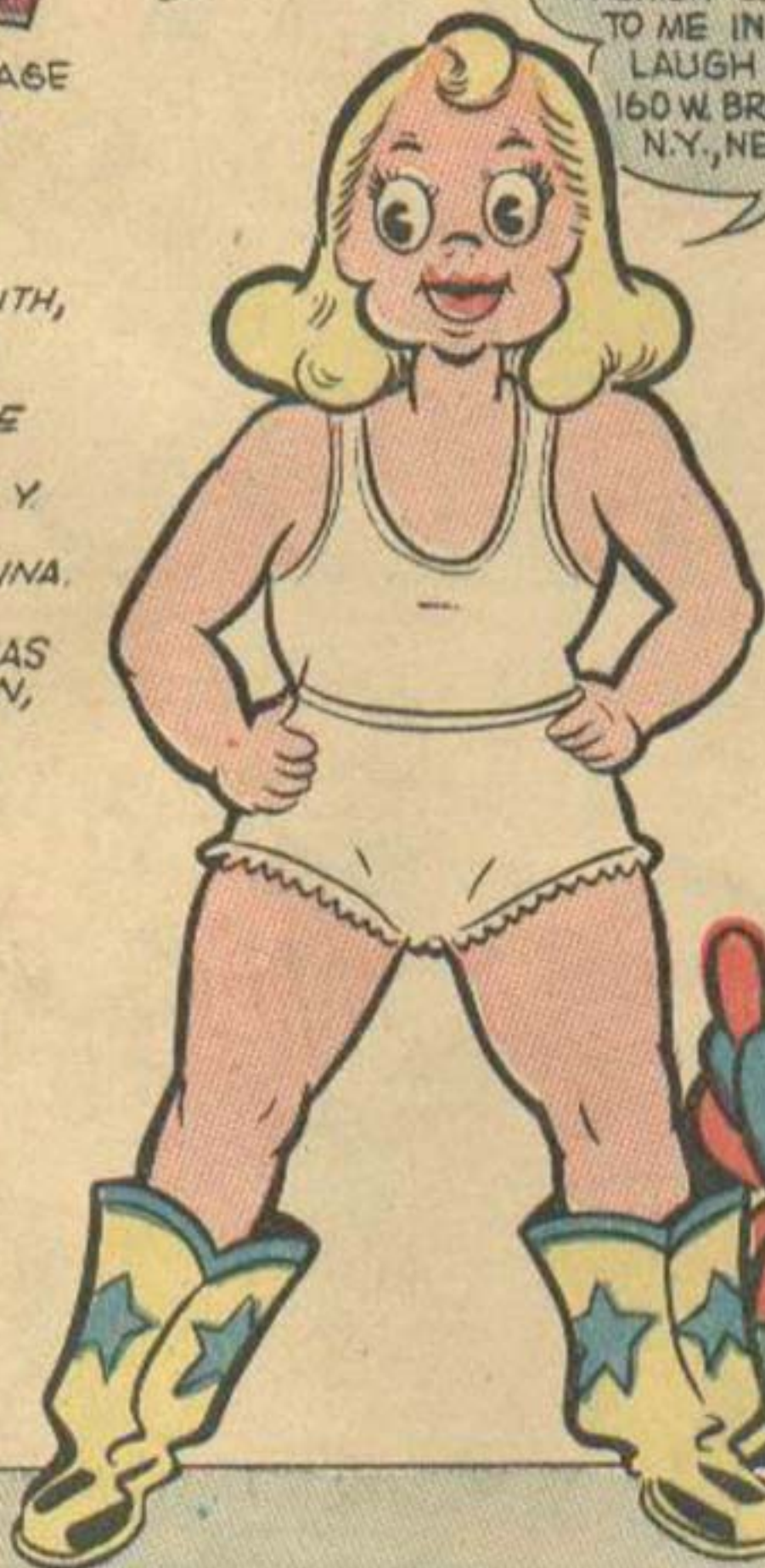
DOTTY AND DITTO CUT-OUTS

FASHIONS ON THIS PAGE
FOR DOTTY AND DITTO
SUGGESTED BY—

LOIS MCGEECHAN,
BRONX, N.Y.
MARILYN JEAN SMITH,
COLD WATER, MICH.
RITA PARENT,
SO. PORTLAND, MAINE
CAROLYN CHRIST,
WILLIAMSVILLE, N.Y.
JOYCE THOMSEN,
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JOAN KINSLEY,
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W. ARBURY, MASS.
SALLY WARNER,
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BETTY MARTIN,
QUINCY, MASS.
SYLVIA HEYMAN,
BROOKLYN, N.Y.
EVALYN RUNYAN,
SUMMERPALE, ALA.
MAY RITA,
DORCHEST, MASS.

SEND IN YOUR OWN
FASHION CUT-OUT IDEAS
TO ME IN CARE OF
LAUGH COMICS
160 W. BROADWAY,
N.Y., NEW YORK!

BY BILL
WOGGON



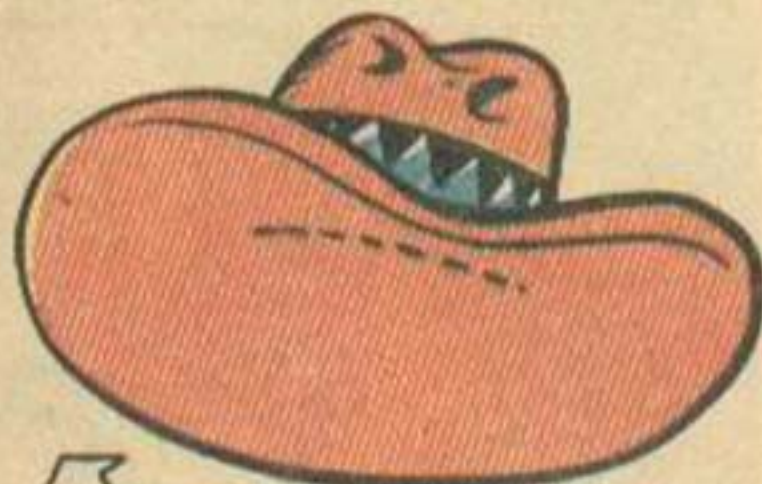
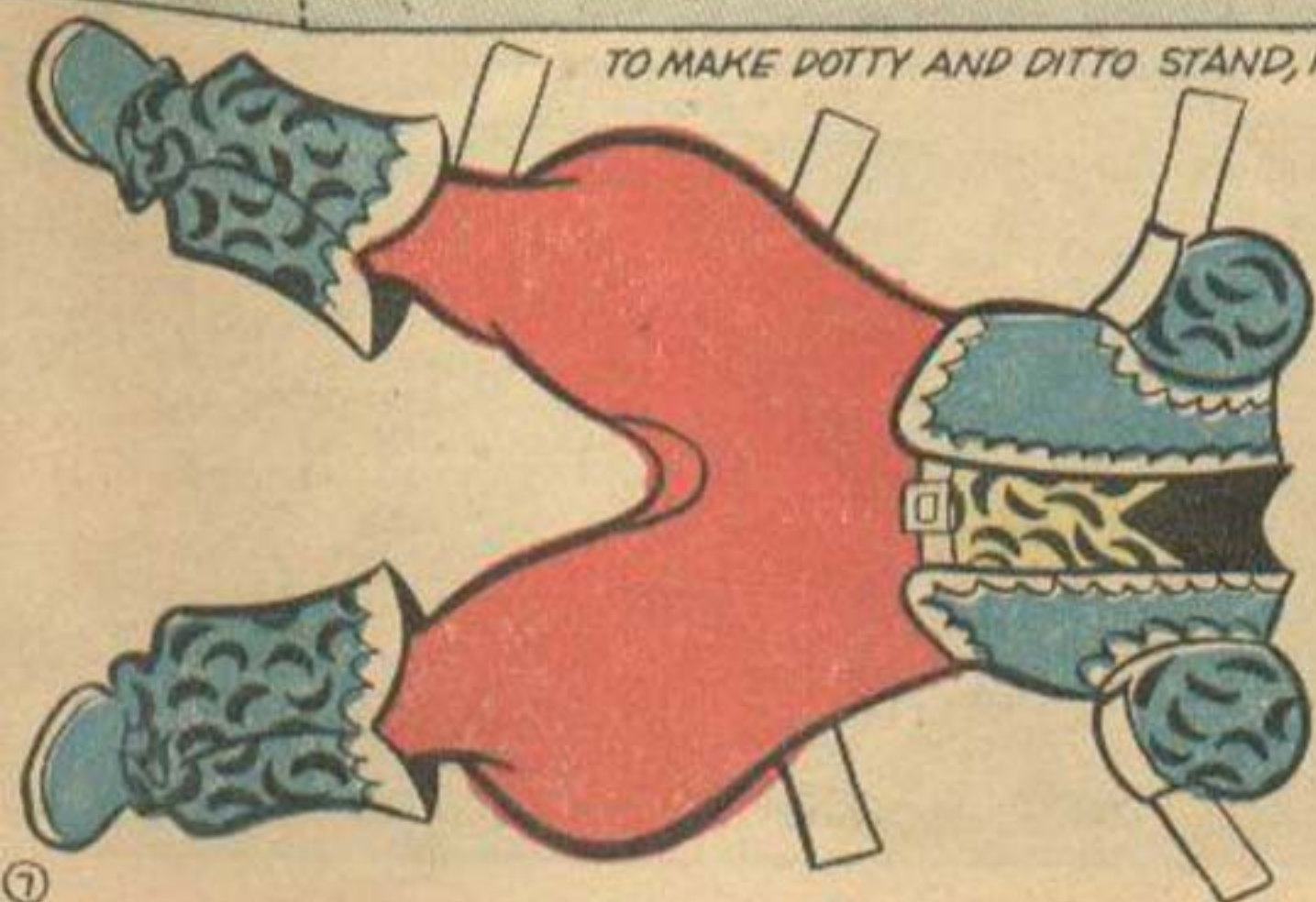
DITTO,
PODNUH, AH
COULD STAND
SOME NEW
CLOTHES, TOO!



FOLD

FOLD

TO MAKE DOTTY AND DITTO STAND, PASTE ON CARDBOARD FIRST, THEN CUT-OUT

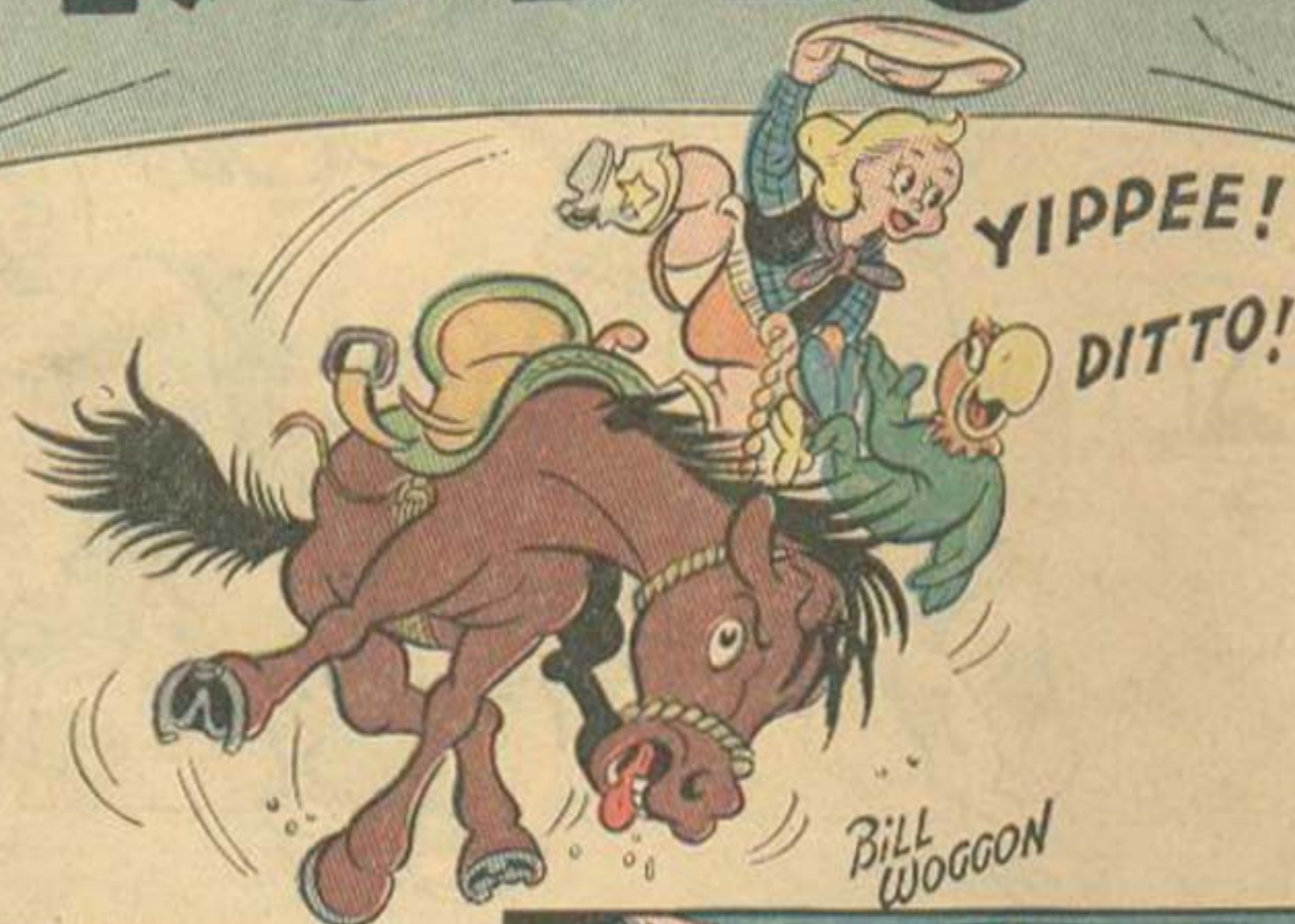


DITTO'S
COSTUME

Nov. T. N. 49

DOTTY AND DITTO

at
The CHAMPIONSHIP
RODEO



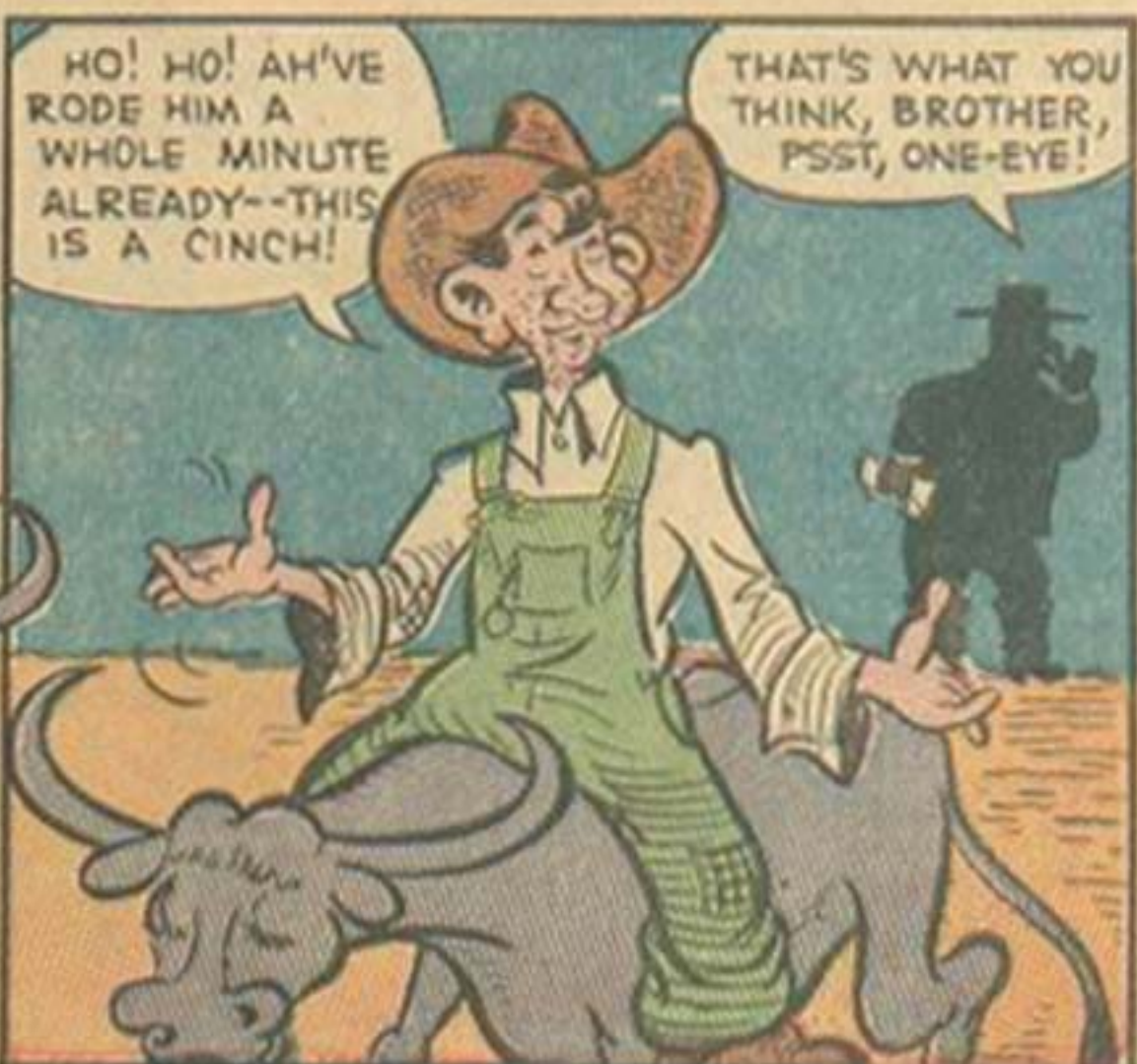
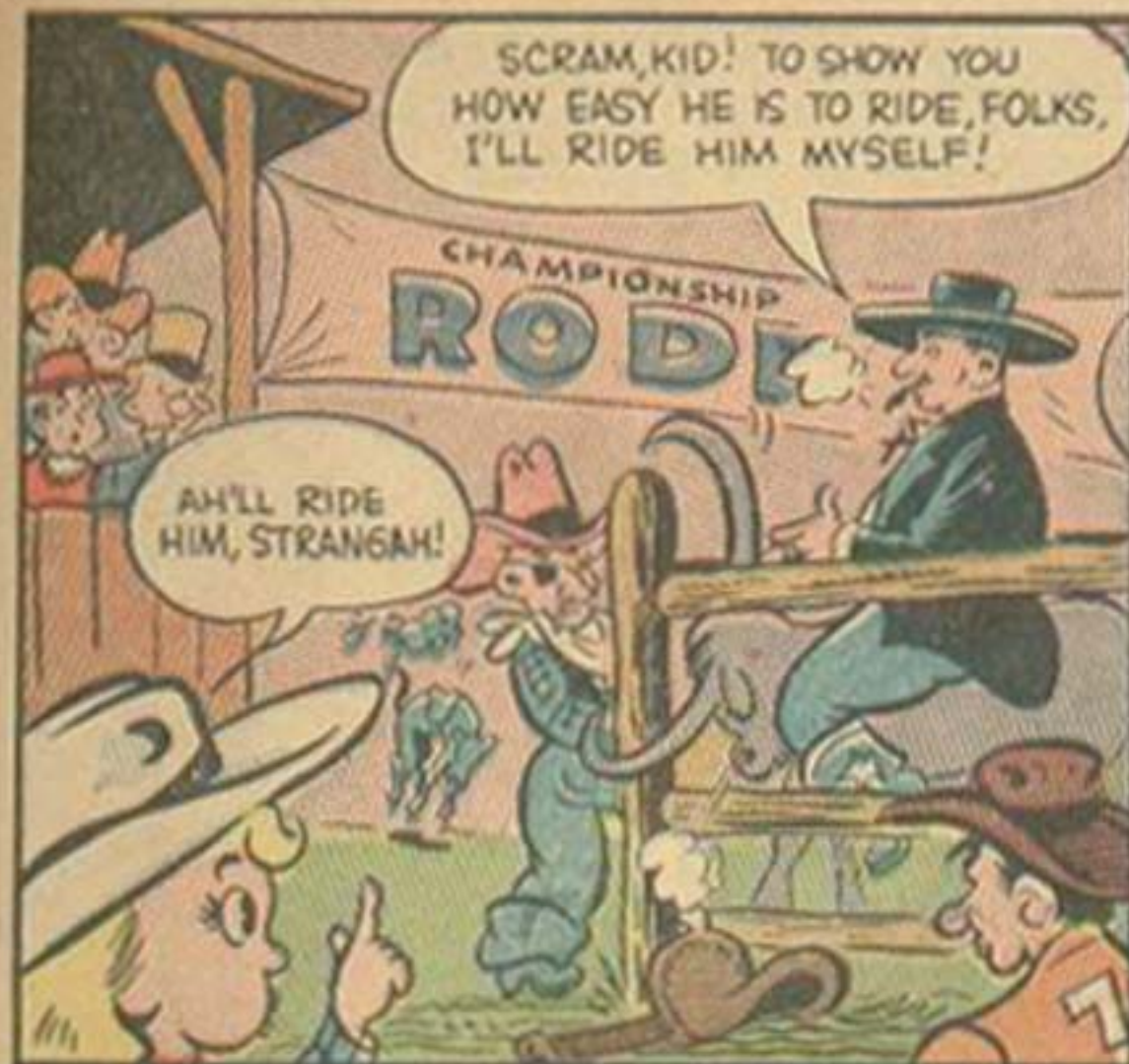
AS THE SCENE OPENS WE FIND DOTTY AND DITTO WITH THEIR INDIAN PAL, DOTTUM, LOOKING FOR A CHANCE TO EARN SOME HARD CASH!

AND NOW, LADIES AND GENTS, TONIGHT I'LL OFFER \$500 TO ANYONE WHO CAN STAY ON THIS STEER CALLED "THE BLACK PANTHER" FOR TWO MINUTES!!

GOSH! \$500!
--- AN WE NEED THAT MONEY TO SAVE GRAN'PAPPY'S RANCH THAT'S UP FO' AUCTION!

DITTO, PODNUH!





GIVE THE BOYS
WITH THE "RED"
SHIRTS THE
HIGH SIGN!

OKAY, BLACKIE,
HERE THEY
ARE!

YIPPEE!

SNORT!

WHOOOPS!

WHOOOPS,

WHOOOP!

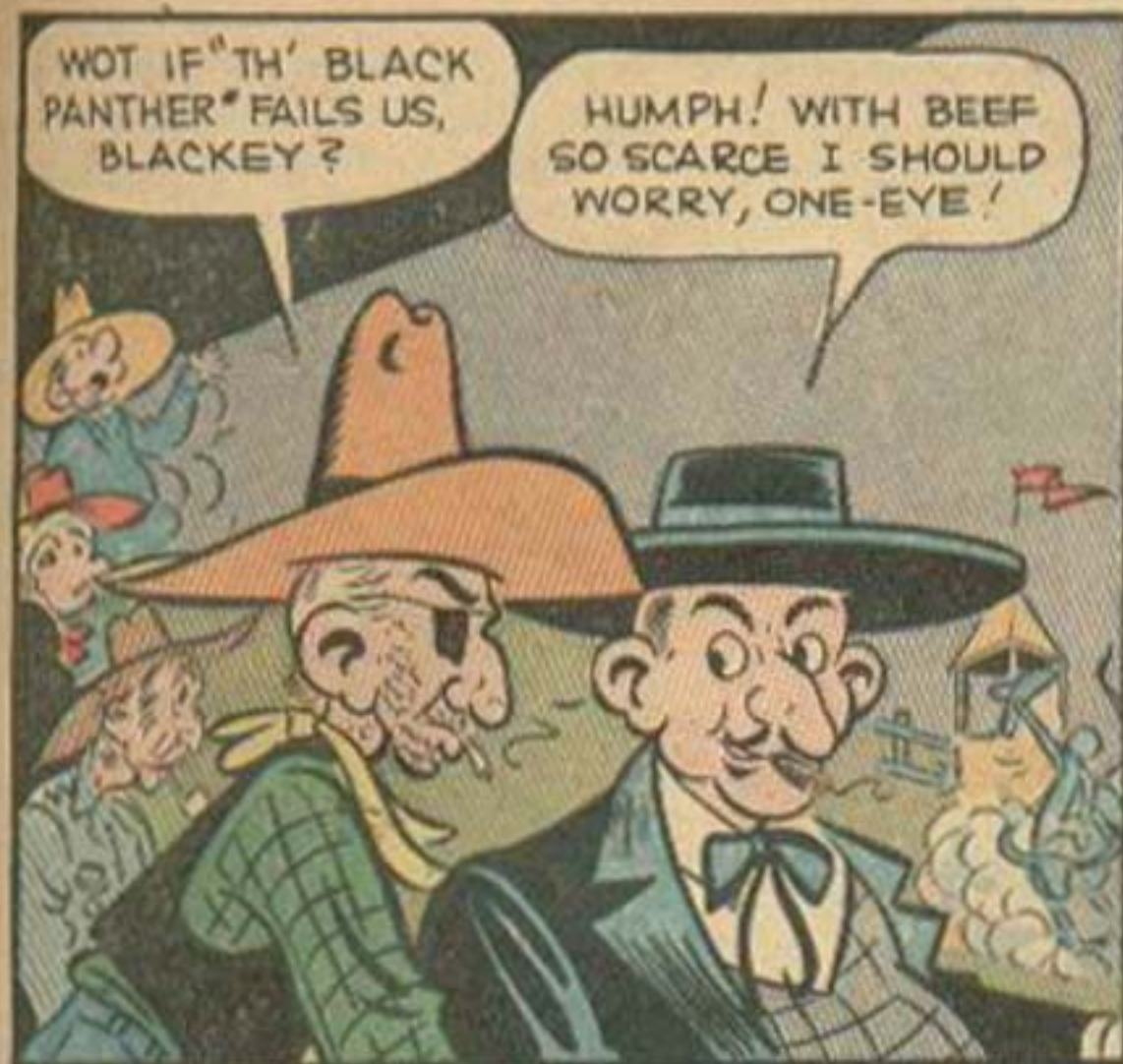
NOW IS THERE ANYONE ELSE?
\$500 CASH!! WHAT?
NO RIDERS---I'LL MAKE IT
\$750!!

\$1,000
CASH!

GOSH! \$1000!
WE JUS' GOTTA
RIDE HIM NOW!!

UGH!

DITTO!





AND AS "THE BLACK PANTHER" TURNS HIS HEAD TO SEE THE COLOR HE HATES ----



AND THE LIGHTS GO OUT FOR--

BLACKOUT!!



C'MON, MISTUH
BLACK, GIVE US
THET \$2,000!

HEY, ONE-EYE, TAKE THESE
BRATS OUT AN' TIE 'EM
UP AN' TAKE CARE OF
THEM AFTER THE
BLACKOUT!!!

OKAY,
BLACKY!



NEXT DAY ON A ROAD OUTSIDE OF TOWN

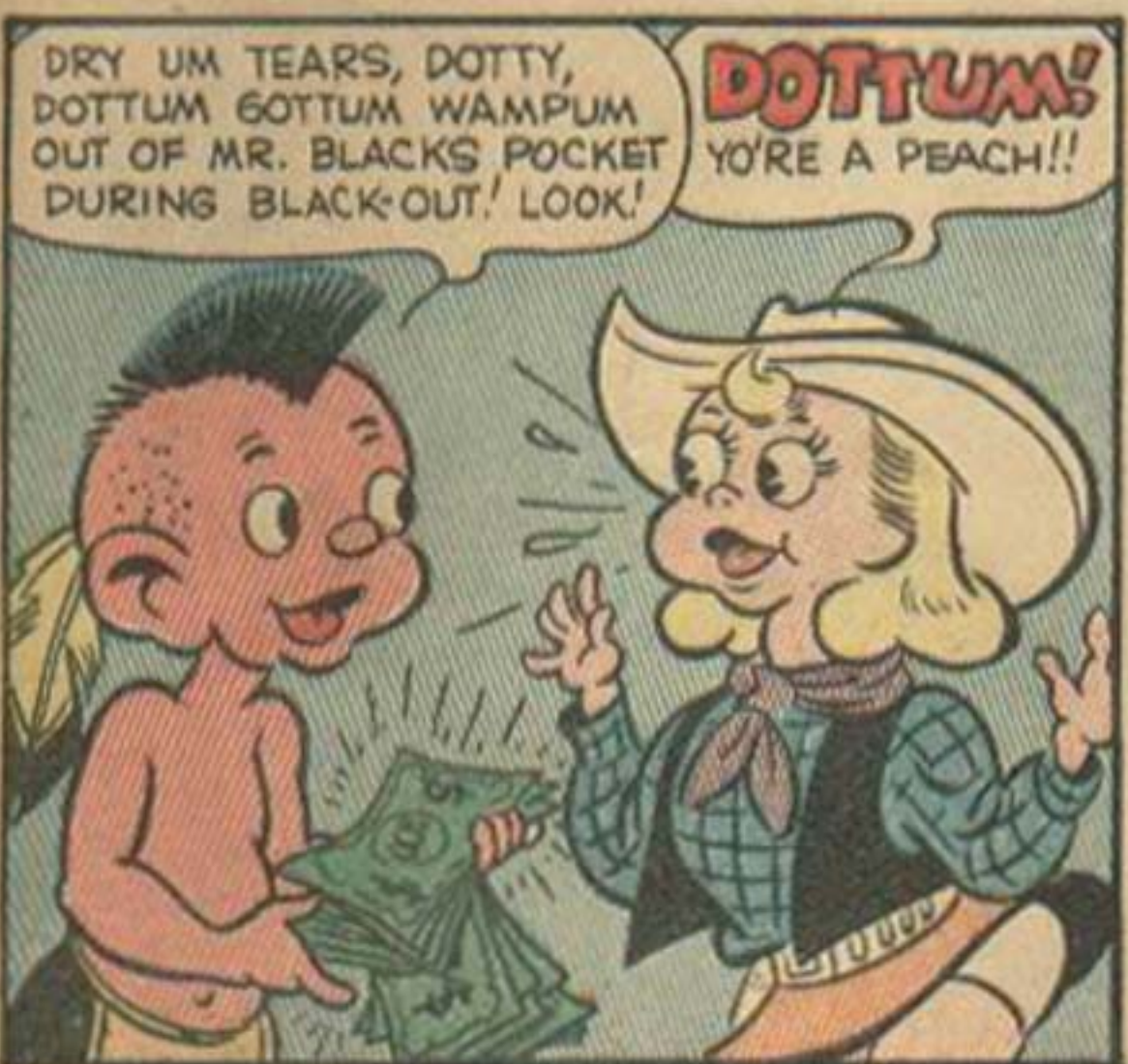
(SNIFF!) AH'VE FAILED AGAIN!
-- AN' MAH GRAN'PAPPY SHO'
NEEDED THET MONEY!

DITTO!
(SNIFF!)



DRY UM TEARS, DOTTY,
DOTTUM GOTTUM WAMPUM
OUT OF MR. BLACKS POCKET
DURING BLACK-OUT! LOOK!

DOTTUM!
YO'RE A PEACH!!



WHILE DOTTY REJOICES--LET'S LOOK
BACK AT MR. BLACK'S RODEO!

BOSS, WE'RE SUNK! IT WASN'T
BAD ENOUGH THAT TH' KIDS RAN
OFF WITH THE \$2000-- ALL OUR
CUSTOMERS DEMANDED A
REFUND!-- WHAT'LL WE DO?
WE'RE RUINED!!!

DON'T WORRY,
ONE-EYE, IT'S
ALL FIXED--
C'MON OVER AN
SEE OUR NEW
BUSINESS!



"THE BLACK
PANTHER" ALWAYS
LIKED BLACK, EH,
ONE-EYE?

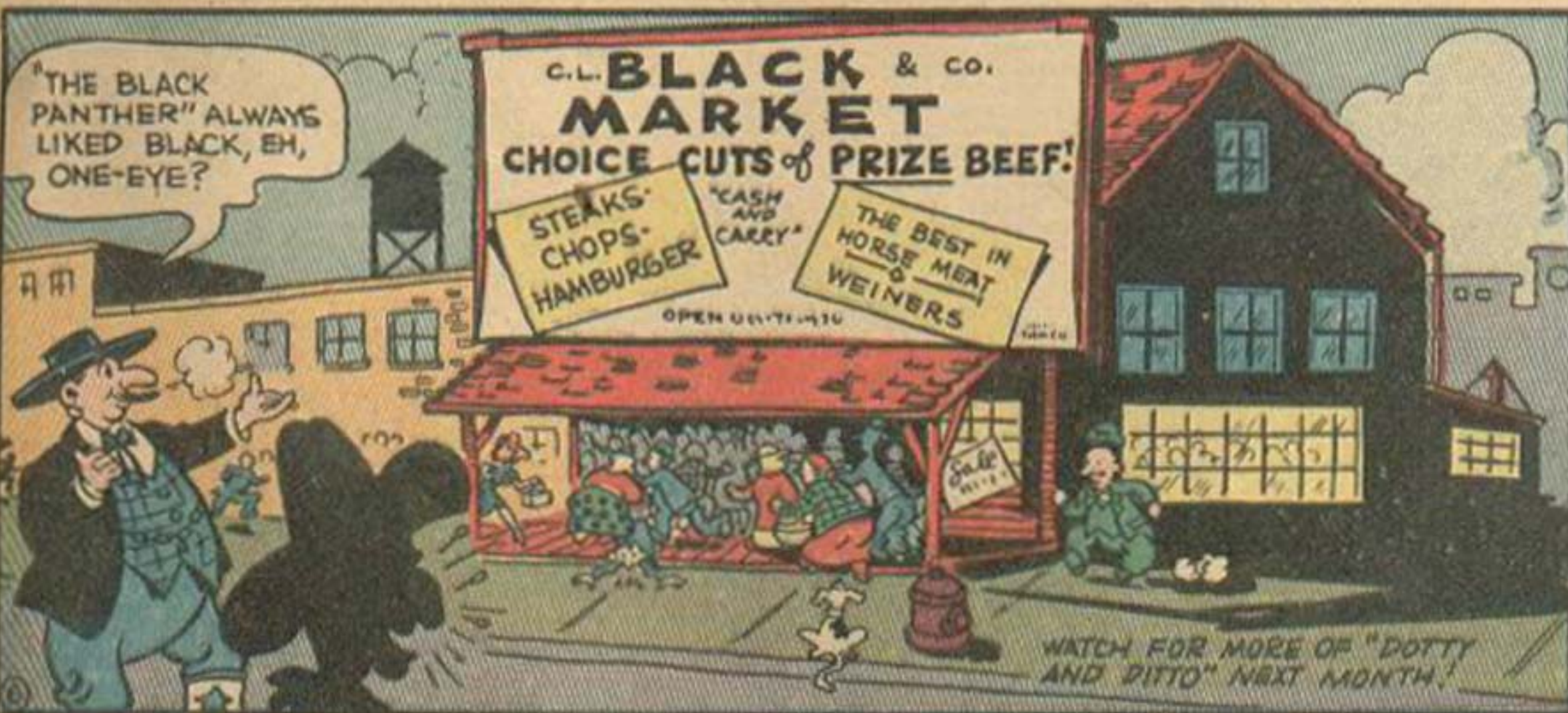
C.L. **BLACK & CO.**
MARKET
CHOICE CUTS OF PRIZE BEEF!

STEAKS
CHOPS
HAMBURGER

CASH
AND
CARRY

THE BEST IN
HORSE MEAT
WEINERS

OPEN UNTIL 11:30



WATCH FOR MORE OF "DOTTY
AND DITTO" NEXT MONTH!

HELP UNCLE SAM

—make official
PLANE models



SOME KNIFE!
AND THE
BLADES ARE
SO EASY TO
RENEW, TOO!

OH, SURE—
IN ABOUT A
SECOND; 8
BLADES, TOO
—ONE FOR
EACH JOB!



X-acto

KNIVES change
amateurs into expert
modellers F.A.S.T!

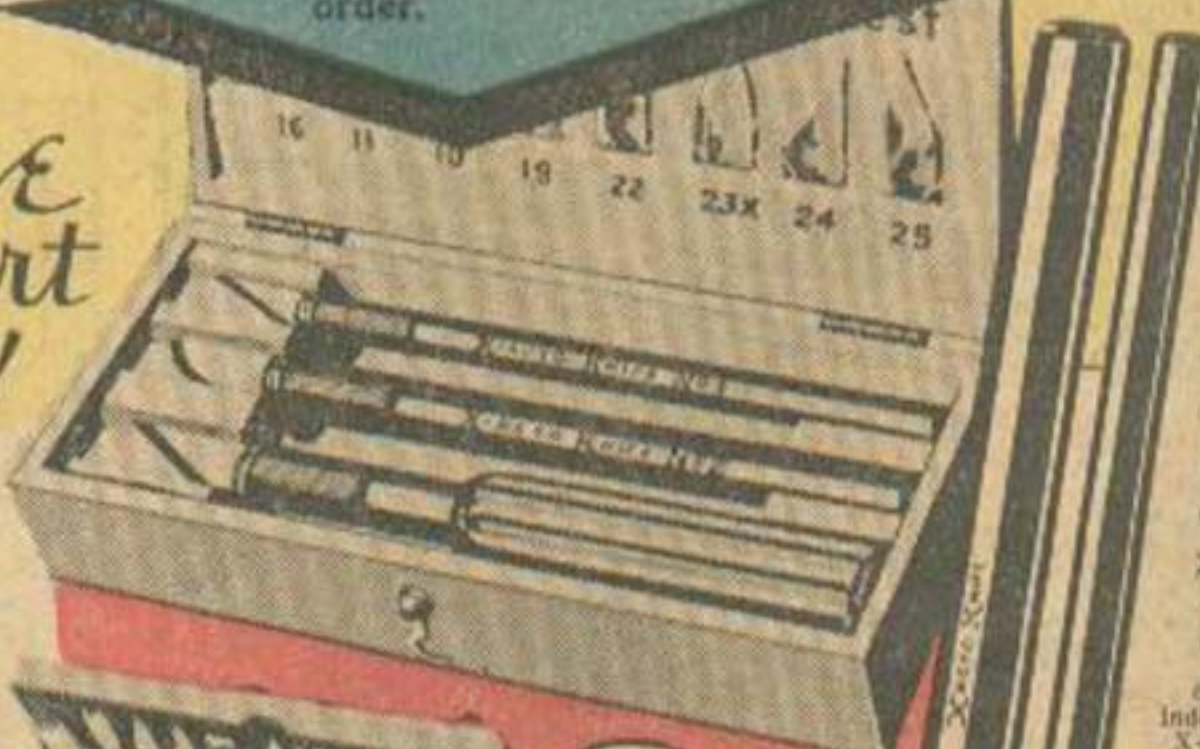
Your X-ACTO knife always has sharp newness... the reason is the surgical-keen blade is instantly interchangeable. All you do is insert a new blade which is done in a jiffy. X-ACTO is an ever-keen knife that you re-blade to re-sharpen. Furnished in a variety of 8 instantly interchangeable blades, making X-ACTO an all-around tool for hundreds of purposes for which sharp knives are needed.

Now... to help you use these super X-ACTO knives to their best possible advantage, we give you... absolutely FREE with your order... the great profusely illustrated book "HOW TO BUILD SCALE MODELS FOR DEFENSE" which contains actual plans of several planes and other invaluable information. You will find hundreds of users for X-ACTO knives. No other knives compare with X-ACTO for model building (like the 500,000 tactical plane models wanted by the Navy) for template cutting and all other cutting requiring extreme precision. There is an X-ACTO knife for every cutting purpose. Surprisingly sharp, they quickly permit you to get into those hard-to-get-at corners. X-ACTO has proven its value for every whittling or carving job.

LET'S TAKE X-ACTO APART
Just four parts... the solid handle, the hollow sleeve, the split collet, the world's keenest blades. SLEEVE: 1/4 turn clockwise releases blade. Unscrew sleeve, slip off and see split collet, which grips blade, like lathe collets grip work. Collet taper shows why only 1/4 turn of sleeve loosens or tightens blade. Fast? You'll say so!

Order your X-ACTO today... see it on display at most leading hardware, hobby shops or department stores... or send coupon direct to us.

Free!
"HOW TO BUILD SCALE MODELS FOR DEFENSE", profusely illustrated. Chuck full of information. Also contains actual plans of several planes. FREE to you with your X-ACTO order.



\$2.00
Complete

Kit No. 42—Double set with 2 handles, 12 blades and fitted wooden chest. \$2.00

\$3.50
Complete

Kit No. 82—Furnished with 2 handles, 12 blades and fitted wooden chest. \$3.50

No. 1 X-ACTO knife for light, delicate work, complete with one blade 50c. No. 51—With 5 extra assorted blades. \$1.00

No. 2 X-ACTO knife for heavy carving—Complete with one blade 50c. No. 52—With 5 extra assorted blades. \$1.00

EITHER 50c

—a
special blade for every job



X-acto

EVERKEEN KNIFE

RE-BLADE TO RE-SHARPEN



X-ACTO CRESCENT PRODUCTS CO.

Dept. 511 440-4th AVENUE, NEW YORK, 10, N.Y.

Send at once X-ACTO I have checked. It is understood if I am not satisfied I may return within five days for refund. Also enclose gift I am entitled to as per your special offer.

☐ I will pay postman \$..... plus postage on arrival.

☐ Enclosed find \$..... in full payment.

X-ACTO desired: ☐ Kit No. 82—\$3.50 ☐ Kit No. 62—\$2.00

☐ No. 1 (light)—with one blade 50c. ☐ No. 51—with 5 extra assorted blades \$1.00. ☐ No. 2 (heavy)—with one blade 50c. ☐ No. 52—with 5 extra assorted blades \$1.00.

Name.....
Street.....
City..... State.....
NOTE: If you live outside of U. S. A., send money order in U. S. funds.

GET THIS BOMBER AND SECRET BOMB-SIGHT FREE

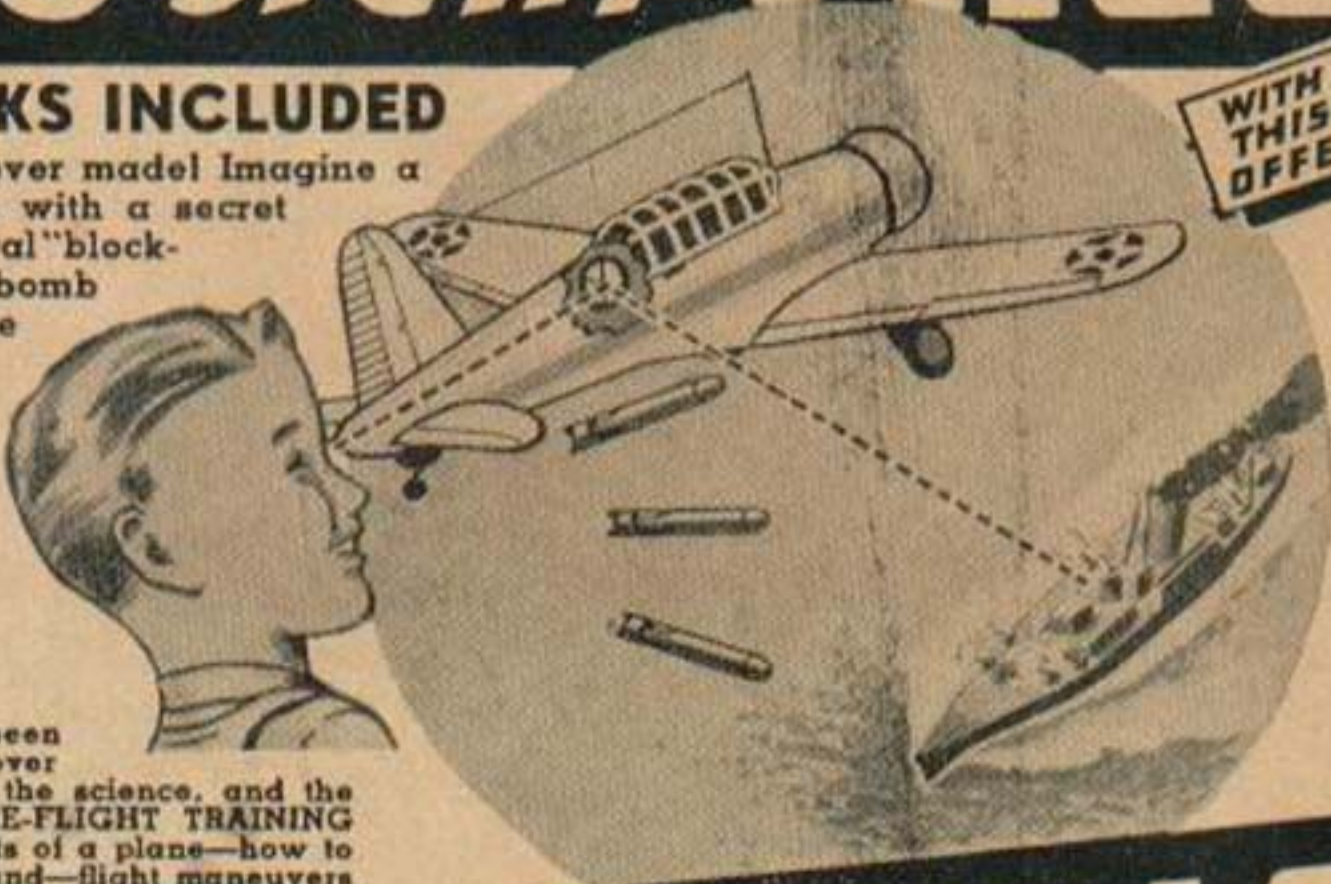
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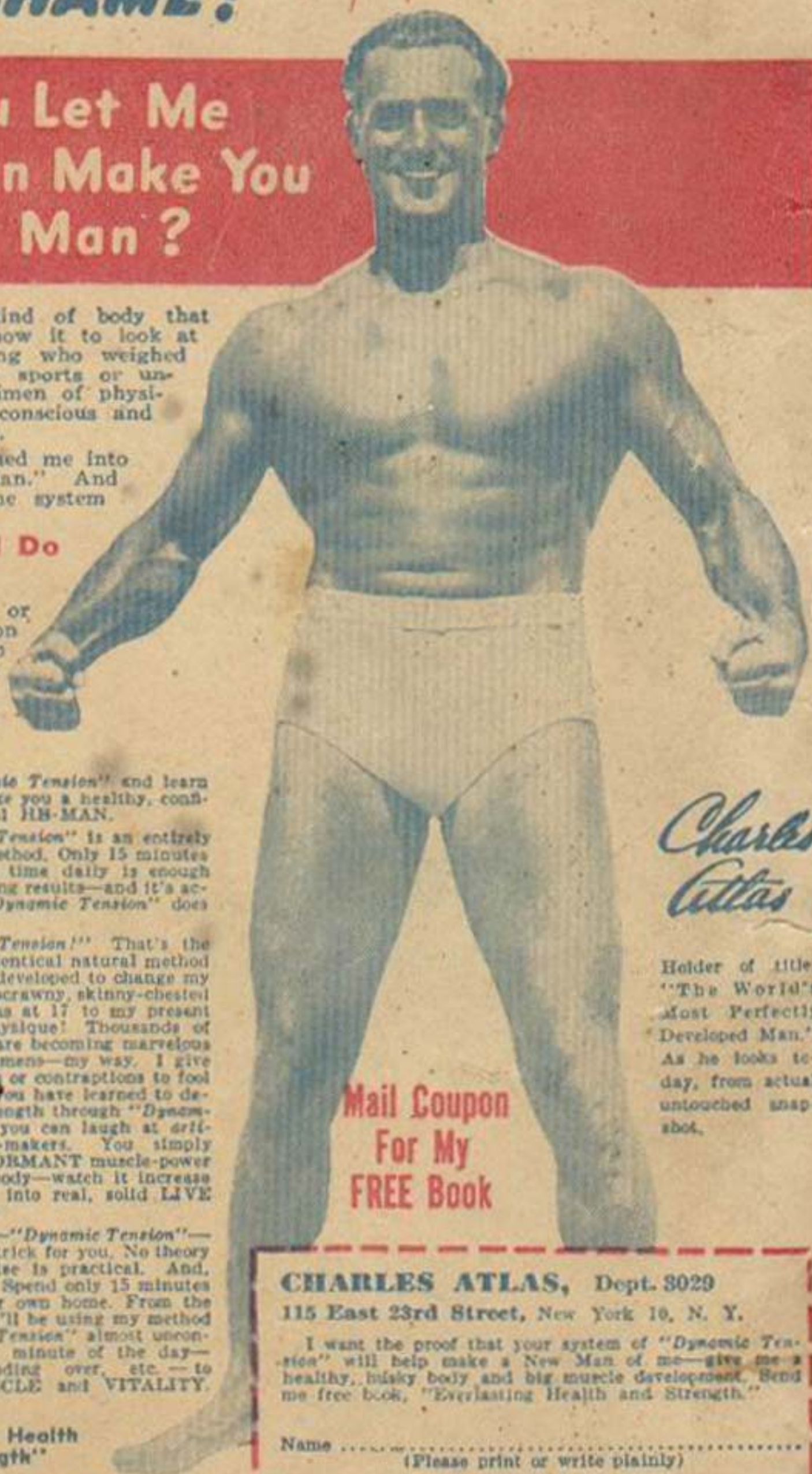
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I KNOW what it means to have the kind of body that people pity! Of course, you wouldn't know it to look at me now, but I was once a skinny weakling who weighed only 97 lbs. I was ashamed to strip for sports or undress for a swim. I was such a poor specimen of physical development that I was constantly self-conscious and embarrassed. And I felt only HALF-ALIVE.

But later I discovered the secret that turned me into "The World's Most Perfectly Developed Man." And now I'd like to prove to you that the same system can make a NEW MAN of YOU!

What "Dynamic Tension" Will Do For You

I don't care how old or young you are or how ashamed of your present physical condition you may be. If you can simply raise your arm and flex it I can add SOLID MUSCLE to your biceps—yes, on each arm—in double-quick time! Only 15 minutes a day—right in your own home—is all the time I ask of you! And there's no cost if I fail.

I can broaden your shoulders, strengthen your back, develop your whole muscular system INSIDE and OUTSIDE! I can add inches to your chest, give you a vise-like grip, make those legs of yours lithe and powerful. I can shoot new strength into your old backbone, exercise those inner organs, help you cram your body so full of pep, vigor and red-blooded vitality that you won't feel there's even "standing room" left for weakness and that lazy feeling! Before I get through with you I'll have your whole frame "measured" to a nice new, beautiful suit of muscle!

**Only 15 Minutes
A Day**

No "ifs," "ands" or "maybes." Just tell me where you want handsome, powerful muscles. Are you fat and flabby? Or skinny and gawky? Are you short-winded, peepless? Do you hold back and let others walk off with the prettiest girls, best jobs, etc.? Then write for details

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"Dynamic Tension" is an entirely NATURAL method. Only 15 minutes of your spare time daily is enough to show amazing results—and it's actually fun. "Dynamic Tension" does the work.

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My method—"Dynamic Tension"—will turn the trick for you. No theory—every exercise is practical. And, man, so easy! Spend only 15 minutes a day in your own home. From the very start you'll be using my method of "Dynamic Tension" almost unconsciously every minute of the day—walking, bending over, etc.—to BUILD MUSCLE and VITALITY.

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